

JANUARY, 1892.

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THE  
KAPPA ❁ ALPHA ❁ THETA.

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*A QUARTERLY PUBLISHED BY THE  
KAPPA ALPHA THETA FRATERNITY.  
EDITED BY LAMBDA CHAPTER,  
UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.*

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Vol. VI. No. 2.

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MEREDITH, N. H.:  
PRESS OF GEO. F. SANBORN.  
1892.

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# THE KAPPA ALPHA THETA.

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- *MRS. W. B. GATES, Burlington, Vt.*

Entered at the Post Office at Burlington, Vt., as Second Class Matter.

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## Soliloquy of the Dying Year.

The stars shine, tearless, overhead,  
The eager winds, with icy tread,  
Sweep coldly past my dying bed—  
I shudder at their breath.  
Ah, soon, I know, the Angelus bell  
That welcomed me with joyous swell  
One year ago, will ring my knell,  
And none will mourn my death!

O insincere, inconstant Earth,  
How gladly did you greet my birth!  
I trusted in your friendship's worth,  
And now, alone, I die.  
I freely gave you all my store  
Inherited from years of yore,  
And worked each hour to bring you more  
Without reproach or sigh.

With heart-broke gaze my dying eyes  
Survey the future. With surprise  
And pain I hear the scornful cries,  
Denouncing me and mine.  
They call me Ignorance and Night;  
And yet I fought for Truth and Right;  
My heart turned ever toward the light,  
That it might in me shine.

And now I go to join the years  
Of ages past, for midnight nears;  
Eternity, with hopes and fears,  
Approaches close at hand.  
I join the martyred years whose blood  
Was freely sacrificed for good.  
They, too, have been misunderstood,  
And they will understand.



### THE "OTHER GIRLS."

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Every year when we return to the familiar routine of college life, there is one new element to lend it fresh interest—the new girls. How many possibilities of pleasure and of mutual help lie in the words! Fraternity women, however, are interested in these additions to the ranks of collegiates chiefly with reference to their suitability for fraternity membership, and from the first they are divided in our minds into those about whom we feel doubtful, the girls we are sure we want and those whom we are equally sure we do *not*. It is for these last I would put in a plea.

The girl who enters college bright, attractive and well dressed, finds her path strewn with flowers. There are always those who will help arrange her program, sympathize with her when she feels the almost inevitable touch of homesickness, accompany her to such entertainments as do not demand an escort, introduce her to their friends—in short, show her all the ways of the place, explain its peculiar customs and make everything as smooth and agreeable for her as possible. She may become unpopular later on, but it is through her own fault. She has every advantage from the first. If there is any drawback, it is that a girl "rushed" by several fraternities can hardly do the necessary amount of studying. Do we ever think of the contrast between her first experience of college life and that of the girl who is plain, awkward, shy, or perhaps a little provincial? It can hardly fail to strike us at times, yet it is a standing reproach to fraternities that they make the lot of such girls not easier but harder. It is said that fraternities are snobbish; that they make social distinctions and emphasize social defects. Even loyal members of these societies half doubt their right to exist, on the ground that they make still more difficult the somewhat thorny path of the less fortunate students and only add more sunshine to lives which are already tolerably bright. This is not the place to vindicate Greek letter societies. We who are within their circle know the help, the comfort, the training they bring. Their benefits are too familiar to need enumeration. Yet it is certainly true that besides the independents who remain outside from choice, there is in every college a large number who speak of the secret organizations with a suppressed bitterness, who, if they do not really wish to belong to them as they are, yet would gladly see them abolished. To this number belong many girls of the highest character and of undoubted scholarship, but they are not as a rule, well-rounded.



Probably few would deny that fraternity members are the most evenly developed class of students. This is partly a cause and partly an effect. In the first place, it is usually the "good all around girl" who is invited to join; the peculiarities attending one-sided development unfit one for the close companionship of a fraternity. What most societies aim to secure is the girl who will stand well in her classes, appear well in society, and, above all, whom they can heartily like. The shy student or the "dig" too often has her peculiarities intensified by the treatment she receives while in college. She who is over-studious is likely to be neglected with the result that she turns to her books the more, finding in them a substitute for the pleasant times that come so easily to some. More than one echoes the forlorn cry of the little girl in one of Mrs. Whitney's stories: "So many good times, and I not in 'em!"

A fraternity is not a charitable organization. It is the duty of all loyal Greeks to keep up their standard and to ask no one to become one of them who is not properly qualified in *all* respects. Otherwise the reputation of the fraternity is injured and its influence gone. The point is not that we should altogether disregard appearances and look only to the world within. It is rather that we should not allow the bonds which hold us together to become a barrier between ourselves individually and "the other girls." Surely our fraternity relations, if fraternities are all we claim, ought to make our sympathy wider, to teach us loyalty, not only to those in our own circle, but to all of our sex who, like us, are trying to become that higher type of woman whom we honor and admire.

It is an old, old story that humanity, particularly the feminine portion of it, is prone to lay too much stress upon mere outward attractiveness, but so long as young women spend several years of their lives in the close association of our colleges and many among them find those years embittered by small stings and small slights, the subject is not worn out. Fraternity women, especially, need to think of this that it may never be truthfully said life is made harder for any of our sisters by the order to which we belong.

MARY P. HARMON, '92.

(Tota.)

## THE OLD WINDMILL.

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"O girls! How romantic this is!" said Edna Morton.

"Yes, it looks as though it must have a history—I mean a *story*. Dick told me that the mill was brought in sections from Holland, and the pieces fitted together without nails, or bolts, or any iron at all."

These girls were "doing" the old windmill at L—, a town famous in the frontier history of the war. The old mill, long since deserted, occupies a prominent position on a hill overlooking the town. The great white arms of the windmill, defined against the bright sunset sky, look like the wings of an enormous bird about to take flight.

Indeed, it is a bit of the Old World set down in the New; strangely out of place—yet picturesque—in the busy rush of western life.

### I.

In the early days when the territory was first being settled, people of widely different nationalities were attracted to this new land. Among the first immigrants was Hans Breeteman. He was not like the usual European settler; a man well educated, of lofty ideals and a fine sense of justice, in his old home he had outgrown his surroundings and longed for the freedom of a young country and nature unspoiled by the hand of man. His parents were dead and his sister Grethe was left with no near relative but himself to care for her. He persuaded the child to go to America with him. She had been told so many strange things of the new land by her big bronzed brother that it was to her like a trip to fairyland. Hans found it no difficult task to gain over Grethe to go with him to the land of his choice.

Hans dearly loved his little sister Grethe—"wee one," he called her. Together, they were a striking sight; Hans, tall, with dark hair and gray eyes which lighted up the thickly tanned face covered with a heavy growth of beard; Grethe, not pronounced in her quaint beauty, but a sweet child with a cherubic look at times in her crystal pure face that would make Hans heart ache with the thought of that sweet mother "gone before."

Hans thought Grethe was the prettiest of the village children. She wore pink a great deal and her flaxen hair hanging down the back of her funny little Dutch dress looked like trimming of some odd light-colored stuff, fluffed out at the edges. Altogether she was such a child that if she had been dressed with robes and wings, she would have made an ideal angel in a "miracle play."



Hans disposed of their little property and invested the proceeds in a windmill and machinery, and at last they were ready to sail. The passage was not rough and Grethe did nicely for so young a traveler. After the ocean voyage they had yet a long tiresome journey to make before they could reach their new home. But Grethe was so well and full of spirits that at the end she declared she was not the least tired.

Hans said, "You are just the little woman for this country, Gretchen, and I was so afraid you would not like the new home. It is so different—"

"Oh, but I love it already!" interrupted Grethe. His only answer was a soft kiss and a stroke of the shining hair, and a breathing of "little angel sister."

Hans was very happy in the home making with Grethe like a fleck of sunshine constantly by him. Their house was not so distant but what, when Grethe was not at the mill, Hans could hear the childish voice singing the tunes learned in the old home. Hans and Grethe were always together. Hans was not often away, but occasionally he had to make trips that would last several days, for traveling was slow in those days. One beautiful August morning Hans told Grethe that he would have to make a trip that day and might not be back for two or three days.

Grethe's face fell immediately at the news, but she tried to be cheerful.

"You won't be lonesome, little one?" he said coaxingly. Anucke would do anything for you. She will keep away all danger from the little sweetheart."

Grethe put on a cheerful face so "the dear brother would not feel badly," she told Anucke after Hans had set out.

"Why do I feel so, Anucke? I never felt so when Hans has ever gone away before. I cannot tell what it is I feel. O Anucke! I am so afraid something is going to happen to the dear brother. Do you feel so? What is it—oh my—" Here a flood of tears stopped her from telling her forebodings.

Anucke, practical body, had no sympathy with such a finely wrought nature as Grethe's.

"Malaria," she said when the child recovered sufficiently to ask and wonder again why she felt so. The old woman administered a liberal dose of quinine followed up by a hot mustard foot-bath. Then she put the child to bed bidding her to keep covered up well and "sleep it off" if she could.

Grethe soon fell asleep. With the elasticity of childhood, she waked fresh and bright with only a slight trace of her former misgivings about her brother Hans.

A week passed. Two weeks; the third was nearly gone before Hans returned. He came along late in the afternoon one day. Grethe was not there to welcome him, for she had gone to a neighbor's to make inquiry as to whether the guerrillas had been heard of lately.

Child as she was, Grethe had yet heard enough of the "border ruffians" to fear the worst, when the days had lengthened to weeks and her brother had not returned. Visions of her brother falling shot by an ambushed man filled her mind waking and sleeping.

Indeed, these fears were not groundless, although the kind, tender-hearted neighbors tried to make light of the prolonged absence and invented one pretext after another to satisfy Grethe.

On this particular day she was very quiet and did not seem to fret at Hans' absence so much, yet the people saw that she had grown pale and thinner with her anxiety.

Grethe returned home toward night thinking what should she ever do without her dear, dear Hans.

When she was inside the door-yard she looked up and saw a strange young woman with *Hans*.

A low cry broke from Grethe. "O, Hans!" was all she could say.

Hans turned quickly to clasp the child in his strong arms. The strain and the terrible anxiety had told on her health so that the unexpected but longed-for sight of Hans, the cause of all her suspense, upset her weakened nerves. Hans stroked her hair, but the sweet eyes did not answer back.

He noted with a smitten conscience the drawn face, the lines of care and worry about the eyes and the baby mouth.

"How thoughtless I have been, and forgetful of this sweet charge. May God forgive me the pain I have caused thee, dearest Gretchen."

He carried her tenderly to the house. Under the care of Anucke, she was soon revived.

Just as she was opening her eyes with returning life, the young woman was leaning over her. Grethe looked full at her an instant and with a low moan as of pain, fell back again on the pillow unconscious.

"What could have been the reason, Madeleine?" whispered Hans. Madeleine bit her lips, but did not reply.

Presently, she said, with a harsh light in her beautiful flashing black eyes, "Perhaps she does not fancy a sister-in-law."

Hans did not know why, but a shudder passed over him at this speech from his bride.

The morning after, Grethe was fully recovered, but there was a pained look in her eyes.

"Gretchen, dear, this is my wife, Madeleine. She will be a loving



sister to you; call her Lena if you had rather. She doesn't understand our language very well, but she will soon learn," said Hans with a proud look at his handsome wife with her brilliant French beauty.

Madeleine was very effusive in her demonstrations over the child. She raved over her pure type of loveliness and said a hundred gushing things incoherently, partly in Dutch, but mostly in French.

"She is lovely—exquisite. You did not tell one half about her. 'Ah, you sly man! I see you had a great surprise for me,'" Madeleine said with her arch look at Hans.

Grethe was abashed to be the subject of such attentions. The petting she had been used to from Hans was of a quiet sort.

The warm kisses the new sister rained upon her cheeks, her lips, her brow, quite overwhelmed her, but Madeleine did not seem to notice. "Ah, so shy—such a dear little mouse," she said, with another pat on her velvety cheek.

The manner of the house went on much the same as it had. But Grethe was less light hearted than she had been. She strayed off by herself more. She was with Hans at his work less. She grew silent and abstracted. She thought much of how lonely she was and how different Hans was now, and she often prayed to the dear God to let her see her sainted mother "just a minute, please, just a minute, and I will be so good."

Hans was busy now all the time at his work, and did not notice the difference in Grethe. "Why are you so still, little sweetheart?" he would ask sometimes with a kiss and a hug. Then Grethe would be strangely comforted for a long time.

Their lives went on quietly, almost monotonously a long while.

Madeleine did not appear to be unkind to Grethe, yet she did not understand the hunger of the child's soul. She simply could not sympathize with a nature so different from her own.

Gradually Grethe began to be more lively. She took more interest in things generally and did not brood about herself so much.

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning Grethe did not come down at breakfast time.

Hans inquired about her, but went off shortly to his work.

About the middle of the forenoon Anucke came hurrying over to the mill speechless with violent emotion.

Grethe had been found dead in her bed. She had died in the night and without pain evidently.

## II.

Many years have passed.

The old mill is outwardly the same, but inside it has fallen to de-

cay. The former owners are gone far away. Franklin Ward, wife and child have moved there, so that the old place begins to show many signs of life.

Mrs. Ward did not allow her little daughter Allie to stray far out of her sight. Mrs. Ward called her one day when she had not seen the child for some time. She called "Allie! Allie!" several times before the little girl came.

"Oh, dear, mamma, why do you want me? There is the love-li-est little durl out there, an' her hair is just booful, so long an' jus' as white, an' she has on a pink dress, an'-an'-an' can't I go, please?"

Mrs. Ward was very much surprised to hear of a child being so near. She was certain that there were no children at all near them.

"Come, mamma, come see her."

Mrs. Ward followed Allie, but they did not find any one in the garden. Allie was very much astonished and began to cry. Often, after this, Allie came running to the house to call her mamma to come and see the "nice little durl out in the darden."

Mrs. Ward, after several fruitless trips, began to think it was odd that she never caught a glimpse even of the little stranger. She questioned several of the neighbors, but they knew nothing of such a child anywhere around.

Once Mrs. Ward came suddenly into a bedroom where Allie appeared to be having a lively talk with some one.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, clapping her little hands, "there is that little durl *right there* in the bed."

"W'y. Don't you see her."

\* \* \* \* \*

That night, Mr. Ward was returning home late. Coming toward him he thought he saw Allie; as he was about to call out, the little figure disappeared. A clump of wild white daisies was growing there on the spot.

He was greatly surprised, but took mental note of the place with the intention of returning by daylight to investigate.

His wife had told him of the mysterious little girl, but now that he had seen the figure he was thoroughly interested and determined to look into the matter.

When he found time the following day, Mr. Ward took a pick and spade to the spot he had marked. After he had dug a little while, the pick struck something hard. After working carefully a long time, he succeeded in raising a box to the top of the ground. He opened it. It contained the bones of a young child, and tattered



bits of pink cloth, and locks of pale flaxen hair.

*In a hole in the skull was hanging a headless nail.*

III.

The lights are burning low. All is hushed in the chamber of death.  
The breath is almost gone.

"Hans—dear—forgive—me—"

"Forgive you, dearest? You have done nothing for me to forgive—forgive *me*."

The dying woman roused and almost shrieked "Forgive me—I killed your sister—yes I did—with a hammer and a nail—yes—can you forgive me now—killed—ah—forgive—"

The sobbing Hans was praying now as he had never before; praying for grace to forgive this murderess, his wife.

"For—give—"

Slowly the answer came, "I forgive thee, Madeleine. I pray God may forgive thee."

SISTER KAPPA.

Note. The souvenir spoon of Lawrence, Kansas, has the Old Windmill etched in the bowl.

**Ariadne.**

At whose light footfall dost thou turn  
O Ariadne, what bright gleam  
Of white-limbed faun or sylvan god  
Rouses thee from this waking dream  
Of thine and Bacchus' love?  
A perfect calm rests on thee that doth seem  
Unruffled by a soul,—  
Thy mortal past forgot, about thy brow  
The sacred vine, e'en as the gods art thou.

When in thy father's halls, the flax  
Yielded its strands for Theseus' clue  
To thrid the winding labyrinth,  
Ah, human hopes thy glad heart knew,  
And joyance sweet  
Danced in thy steps and filled thine eyes of blue,  
As singing 'mongst thy maids  
Before the distaff with a flower-like grace,  
Thou moved'st and love made sunshine in thy face.

No more for thee is mortal toil,  
Nor yet for thee sweet human care.  
Thy deathlessness holds thee apart;  
But does thy destiny prepare  
Content for thee,  
Now thou art left alone with none to share  
Thy thoughts but thine own heart?  
Thy mighty lord, enwrapped from human sight,  
Far off inspires some feast or mystic rite.

The long day fades, the mists creep up  
From sunset seas, the wind's low wail  
Whispers along the salty sedge.  
And in its burthen can there fail  
An echo from the past,  
Of those wild gusts that puffed the linen sail  
Of Theseus' black prowed ship,  
When fate thrust in an ever widening sea  
Between thy hero lover's life and thee?

The twilight gathers over thee,  
And shadows fall from out thy past  
Upon thy heart; a dim form haunts  
And proves thee woman at the last.  
But still, thy silent grace  
Repels the curious, holds thy secret fast,  
And nymphs and sylvan gods  
From distant coppice view thee on thy pard,  
Forever pacing slow the forest sward.

AGNES CRARY, '92.

*Omega.*



**SIDNEY LANIER.**

It would hardly be just to attempt to form any estimate of Sidney Lanier as a poet without taking into consideration the circumstances of his life as well. His early death, his long and determined conflict with a disease which could have but one end, the many months of prostrating illness which prevented the utterance of the songs which filled his heart, all compel the warmest sympathy. Yet, when we think of his indomitable will, noble courage and lofty purpose, the sadness of his death is lost in the grandeur of his life. Certainly it was fitting to speak of him as "one who was—and is—so unique and shining an exponent of spiritual truth and beauty in his life work."

When the civil war broke out, Lanier entered the Southern army, and, as this occurred soon after he graduated from college, for several years he had no opportunity to engage in literary pursuits.

His first published work was a novel entitled "Tiger Lilies," written in 1867. Although very hastily composed, this work showed the rich promise of the poet. Up to this time he had written only a few poems which, though full of force and promise and characterized by his sweet and charming fancy, yet were written without any knowledge of the principles which he afterwards formulated.

Not until the winter of 1873 does Lanier really devote himself to literature. Now under a sense of holy obligation he makes the resolve to consecrate the few remaining years to his two ideals, music and poetry. To his father who wishes him to settle down at his home in Macon, Georgia, and share his law practice, Lanier thus replies: "Think how, in spite of all depressing circumstances, these two figures of music and of poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem to you as to me that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness?"

Before his departure to Baltimore, Lanier had added a number of poems to those already written. In these we begin to see a greater resemblance to his later poems, (but he had not yet put forth anything in his own peculiar style) and some of them are marked by a deep sympathy with nature (in which respect his poetry is unique.) But in no poem of his, however, is this characteristic more tenderly manifested than when in the mountains of North Carolina, where

he had gone for one last chance of life, he pencilled these lines: "I was the earliest bird awake, I believe, and somehow the eastern mountain tops did not hinder me; and I was aware of the dawn, not by mine eyes, but by my heart."

Lanier's life at Baltimore was partly devoted to literature and partly to music. In the latter art he exhibited rare talent, and he himself said, "Whatever turn I have for art is purely musical."

At this period, though almost unknown, yet filled with the sacredness of his art, he refused to write to please the popular taste. Conscious of his own genius, he adheres to his own view of the principles of art. His letters reveal the loftiest devotion to art and utter disregard of even the keenest disappointments. And of these he must have had many, yet we find no trace of bitterness in any of his writings. Nothing could mar the sweet, lofty serenity of his nature.

Now that he had an opportunity Lanier devotes himself with energy to study in every field which was open to him, thinking that the poet should seek truth in every direction so as to make use of it in his own art. It was probably about this time, too, that he began to develop his theory of formal verse, and in 1879, he wrote the *Science of English Verse*, which contains this theory. This work was based on Dante's thought—"The best conception cannot be save where science and genius are," and it consists of a discussion of rhythm and "tone color" in verse.

It was his investigations and analyses of the principles of the poetic art which have given to Lanier's poetry its originality. The objection has been raised that his analytical studies marred the fresh spontaneity of his poetry.

To this Lanier's own words are sufficient answer; "It is only cleverness and small talent which is afraid of its spontaneity; the genius, the great artist, is forever ravenous after new forms, after technic \* \* \* even in the extremest heat and sublimity of his raptures, he must preserve a godlike calm, and order thus and so, and keep the rule so that he shall to the end be master of his art and not be mastered by his art."

Of his later poems, written according to his own conception of art, it is hard to tell which to admire most, whether the rapid rhythm of the "Song of the Chattahoochee," the intensity of the "Revenge of Hamish," the grave lofty spirit of "Corn," or the passionate yearning of "The Symphony." The *Marshes of Glynn* which formed a part of a series of Hymns to the Marshes left incomplete was his most ambitious poem thus far. The broad free sweep of its rhythm has a powerful fascination. It would be hard to find in it one



passage more pleasing than another, but perhaps the following best represent the freedom and grand expansion of it:

"With a step I stand  
On the firm packed sand  
By a world of marsh that free borders a world of sea.  
Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?  
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free  
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,  
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.  
Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free.  
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!  
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rain and the sun,  
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won  
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,  
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain."

In 1880 the winter before his death Lanier wrote "Sunrise" which has been called his greatest poem. The last lines of this are characteristic of his life and poetry. In his address to the sun he sings:

"And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee,  
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,  
Labor, at leisure, in art, till yonder beside thee  
My soul shall float, friend Sun,  
The day being done."

Lanier's character corresponded in every respect to his own idea of a poet. He combined the different qualities of poet, musician and lover of science in remarkable union. He was a man of broad and deep capacity, and his development was perfectly symmetrical. Filled with his lofty conception of art, the beautiful to him was the right. In one of his lectures at the John's Hopkins University, he says: "He who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him; he is not yet the great artist."

But in his search for the lofty and pure, Lanier did not fear to turn his earnest gaze to the world of today. He did not dwell merely in a land of ideals, but also in the world of reality. Knowledge with him was a necessity of the poet, and all the wide fields of the past and the present were open to him. He looked boldly forth to the future and, with deep tenderness and earnest faith sent forth his songs.

ISIS.

### A Sonnet.

*(Imitated from Lope de Vega.)*

My lady tells me I must make a sonnet;  
The prospect overwhelms me with dismay.  
A sonnet must have fourteen lines they say,  
But four are gone before I have begun it,  
And as I set myself to work upon it,  
Doubting if I can make a rhyme today,  
I see that my octave is passed away  
Nearly—nay, quite, if you will please to con it.  
But the sestet is likely to be worse;  
Apollo and each Muse, now be my friend!  
Yet the sestet is very well begun.  
Resistless flows the current of my verse,  
And—but I must be thinking how to end,  
For with this line my sonnet will be done.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

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### A NEW LEGEND.

More than one writer has excited our curiosity and interest by telling us that the Japanese Islands form a crescent, and then has passed on to a description of their rare physical beauties without giving us even a hint of the reason for their unusual shape. Possibly they have not heard the story of their formation, though it happened thousands of years ago.

At this time "Mother Earth" having reached her prime, had lost some of the glowing beauty of her youth, yet no one ever thought of calling her "Old Earth" as they do now. Her daughter, Miss "Pacific," so named on account of her gentle disposition, was indeed a beautiful and lovable creature, and her admirer, the young "Moon," who then had rosy cheeks and large, laughing eyes, was not to be scorned; but Mother Earth, for some mysterious reason, disliked him; indeed, it is said she had, at one time, put him out of doors.

It was very plain, however, that the fair Pacific thought of him in a very different way. This was shown even in the flush that at sunset betrayed her thought, "He will soon be here." And how her face would shine when he came in sight, making her more beautiful than before! A more faithful admirer than the gay young Moon was never seen. Unless it was stormy he would come every evening from a great distance to see the maiden, and would hover around



for hours seeming very loth to leave her. Perhaps one reason that her mother disliked him so was that he used to stay a little later each evening until she caught him actually staying until morning!

Then Dame Earth tried to escape her daughter's suitor by keeping her family moving from place to place, but the Moon followed wherever they went.

So matters continued. The mother would not be reconciled; the daughter became more quiet, and the color, so noticeable during her childhood, faded from her face. She seemed happy only in the presence of him whom she loved. When he was kept away by a storm, she became restless and would moan and toss her arms wildly about as if in a frenzy of despair. This certainly could not last forever. The culmination was rapidly approaching.

It was a bright, quiet evening during that part of the year when days are shortest. Mother Earth had retired early and was supposed to be fast asleep. Never, so thought the moon as he gazed on the winsome Pacific, was she more enchantingly beautiful! An irresistible desire captured him. Unable to refrain longer he stooped and kissed her.

Then the angry mother gave way to her hot displeasure. In fiery fury she poured out burning lava and melted rock to brand the spot which the moon had touched. The daughter became frantic; her lover turned pale and sailed away.

When the elements of Earth's wrath had cooled, some little polyps made a pretty network of coral, and with it tried to hide the rough spot. The winds and the waves brought soil, seed and moisture; vegetation sprang up, and after a time, the beautiful crescent-shaped group of islands with their clear mountain lakes, beautiful landscapes, and deep picturesque bays was completed—a monument to the devotion of the young moon.

FANNIE A. OSBORNE.

*Chi, K. A. O.*

### A VIEW OF SMITH COLLEGE.

In these latter days of travel and information, when all the world is an open book, which even he who does not run may easily read, eastern colleges and universities are no longer the unknown wonderlands which they have sometimes seemed to dwellers in the west. Knowledge of them has been readily disseminated of late years, until now the prairie dweller of Minnesota walks in spirit the hills and dales of Massachusetts, and feels the cool shade of her classic halls of learning. But although much is known in a general way about eastern institutions, there are certain facts connected with the inner life of the college, the individuality of the teachers, and the prevailing spirit of the place, which cannot be so easily reached. This is perhaps not so apparent in regard to the women's colleges as it is in the case of those for men; for the world has not yet recovered from the almost childish curiosity about the new fashioned places where women learn the same things that are taught to men, and all details relating to the management of women's colleges have been eagerly sought. Wellesley is perhaps the best known, as she is the largest of these institutions. Her younger sister, Smith, is scarcely so widely known as yet, but her comparative obscurity will not be long lived. Already her fame is reaching from her own parent state to the farthest bounds of our land; and it is only a question of a short time until her name wherever mentioned, will meet with an intelligent and interested response.

The old town of Northampton was chosen by the founder as the site of the college. It was settled more than two hundred years ago, and the ancient cemetery still contains epitaphs written over those oldest inhabitants. The country round about is lovely with the serene beauty of meadow, river, and soft rising, purple hills; no bold, swiftly jutting peaks, as farther north in Vermont and New Hampshire, but everywhere a sweet, peaceful contour of hill and valley, among whose curves and slopes the broad Connecticut feels its way to the ocean. A few miles away is the village of Hatfield, the home of Miss Sophia Smith, whose legacy of some hundred thousands of dollars, was at her bequest appropriated to the founding at Northampton of a college for women, with the stipulation that it should bear her name.

A favorite walk with the girls is one from the college to the Connecticut river about a mile and a quarter distant. Bridge street, over which most of the way lies, is bordered by magnificent elms,



whose immense trunks and thickly foliated branches betoken their great age. To the right as one approaches the river are seen the hills of the Mt. Tom range, and between the sea and the village lie "the meadows," sloping green or brown according to the time of year, but ever of velvet softness in the changing light from the distant hills. "Hockanum Ferry" leads over the river by a queer, antiquated craft which threatens immediate dissolution whenever a passenger steps on board—and after a delightful drive under the shadow of the hills, one can return by way of "old Hadley," the historical town where certain of the regicides took refuge after the execution of Charles I. The site of the house where they were hidden is still shown, although the building has disappeared. All about are most beautiful walks and drives, leading to other places of interest, and it is among surroundings of this historic and romantic character that the college has taken root.

The buildings themselves are unfortunately not very advantageously situated. The grounds are circumscribed, and the different structures placed too near the street for good effect. When the first one was built, it was not anticipated that the college would grow as it has done, and sufficient provision was not made for the different buildings. Of these there are now five besides the observatory; the main building, the Lily hall of science, music hall, the art building and the "gym." This last is an elegant structure, costing about \$25,000 and thoroughly equipped with all the modern apparatus for physical exercise, including a swimming bath. Gymnastics are compulsory with freshmen and sophomores, and elective classes are formed for other students. Much of the excellent health for which the college is noted is doubtless attributable to this source. All the buildings are of red brick, but the ivy which covers the walls redeems their appearance. The greatest extent of campus is at the back of the college, and on it are placed the "cottages," in which a part of the students live. These cottages are six in number at present, and two more are to be added soon. They are good sized houses, not cottages at all, affording accommodation for from twenty to sixty young ladies. Back of these dwellings the campus slopes gradually down to Mill river, on whose banks is a lovely spot most felicitously named "Paradise." Here the girls roam in the bright autumn and charming spring, bringing back gorgeous leaves of elm and maple to dry and press, or fresh woodland blossoms to scent their rooms. In winter "Paradise pond" makes a fine skating rink, and thither maidens and teachers repair for healthful exercise. Just across the river from this heavenly spot lies another, whose

name, Purgatory, is a direct consequent of its position relative to Paradise, for "between them is a great gulf fixed." In no other particular does it merit such an appellation, for it vies with Paradise itself in woody loveliness, and the bright faced college girls who throng its paths would make a Paradise of Purgatory.

The students number about five hundred and fifty, and it is the wish of President Seeley not to exceed that number very much, as he believes the best results are obtained from smaller classes and more personal supervision from teachers than is possible in larger colleges. After the first year the studies are largely elective, though never wholly so. The three ordinary courses—classical, scientific, and literary are offered, together with special training in art and music. The advantages in the latter branch are exceptionally fine, and the musical course, leading to a degree and combining a thorough training in that art with certain studies in the college proper, is considered very desirable for those who wish to make music a specialty. Particular attention is given to instruction in the modern languages and constant classroom practice in speaking and writing French and German is required, as well as considerable reading in those languages. But although fine training along the more elegant lines of a modern education is afforded at Smith, the instruction there by no means resembles that of a finishing school, where solid acquirements are subordinated to art, music, and "polish." It is the aim of the president and faculty to place the institution on a par with the best men's colleges of the land, and the rapid growth of the institution, the high standard of scholarship required and maintained, and the commendation of experienced educators attest their success. The faculty consists of nearly an equal number of men and women, the professorships of Latin, Greek, logic and mental science, bible study, political economy, chemistry and physics, biology, the position of direction of the conservatory of music and a number of lectureships being filled by the former, and the professorships of English literature, mathematics, German, French, rhetoric, gymnastics, and assistantships in rhetoric, history, and biology by the latter. Of course each teacher has an individual way of conducting his or her department, but the general tendency is to lay much more stress upon daily work than upon examinations. In some cases these are more a matter of form than an indispensable element of the work, and there is considerable effort made to divest the necessary examinations of the awe-inspiring atmosphere which will cling around anything which bears that name. In the past, examinations at Smith were characterized by



an alarming uncertainty, and were liable to be "sprung" at untimely seasons upon the unsuspecting girls. But now all examinations are held at the end of the term, and there is a rule that no two shall take place on the same day.

Commencement at Smith lacks some of the features which ordinarily characterize such occasions. There are no scholarship honors, for no marks of any kind are given during the four years. Whatever record is kept is buried deep in accessible faculty archives, and no man knoweth the form thereof. It is contrary to the spirit of the college to permit anything which savors of rivalry, and no premium is put upon midnight oil by the conferring of honors or prizes. The Saturday evening before Baccalaureate is always devoted to some dramatic entertainment, the subject of which is kept secret until nearly time for its rendition. Two years ago the Greek play "Electra" was given. Costumes and stage fittings corresponded as nearly as possible to the conditions of the ancient drama, and the play itself was rendered in original Greek. The leading tragedienne learned and recited six hundred lines of melodious Greek, and the other characters were assigned proportionate amounts. The play was pronounced a fine success by competent judges from other colleges. Class day, or ivy day, as it is called from a pretty custom of the college, gives an opportunity to the class orator and poet to prove their fitness for the offices to which they have been elected. One part of the program which is never changed on class day, is the planting of the ivy. The senior class president, followed by the class, bears in her hand an urn from which peeps forth a shoot of dark green ivy. Solemnly the maidens advance toward some selected spot about the college walls and there deposit the little slip whose mission it is to commemorate in living green the class whose nursling it is. Thus, year by year, the college buildings are clothed with a gracious robe of nature's weaving, and each parting class feels its share in the provision for such a perennial garment. No orations or essays are delivered on commencement day, but a commencement address is given by some distinguished man especially invited for the occasion. Last year Professor Dewey, of Ann Arbor, was orator. In this way the wearisome part of an ordinary commencement—a great number of student orations—is avoided, and an agreeable substitute furnished. Last of all the festivities is the senior class supper, where prophet and historian hold forth. Not all the mystic farewell rites are revealed, but it is rumored that all the engaged girls are solemnly exhorted to stand and be gazed upon by their comrades fancy-free. No one but a senior could vouch for

the truth of this rumor, however, and of course a senior wouldn't.

The social side of life at Smith is not less interesting and scarcely less important than the literary. As has been noted, there are upon the college grounds six dwelling houses where certain of the girls live, but only the fortunate ones whose applications have been in long enough to entitle them to residence on the grounds. The accommodations are far inadequate to the number of students, and at least half are obliged to board outside in the village. Those who secure rooms in the cottages are usually well pleased with their surroundings. An atmosphere of home pervades the houses, and a nearer approach to family life is possible there than elsewhere. Two girls in a room is the rule among lower classes, but in the junior and senior years a single room can sometimes be secured. In the newest house, the Wallace, a number of rooms arranged in suites of two, one of which can be used for sleeping room and the other for study, if the occupants so desire. The rooms are furnished with essentials, but all embellishments are left to individual tastes. In each house there is a matron besides one or two teachers, who are generally well liked by the girls. Two or three rules prevail in all the houses, and minor regulations are adopted by the different matrons. The ten o'clock rule is immutable. A warning bell rings at twenty minutes of ten, and at ten all lights are supposed to be out. A violation of the rule requires an explanation, but no very severe penalties are imposed unless the offence is often repeated. This is almost the only regulation which savors of boardingschoolism, for Smith boasts of her liberal spirit, and of the freedom she allows her girls. Amherst college, seven miles away, is the only place where they are not allowed to go in the day-time without a chaperone. Any number of callers may be had on week days, and walks and drives are permitted, except that one young lady and one young man are not expected to drive alone together unless they are engaged. Four may go unattended, however. A little story, which no one will really vouch for, but which is so regularly told to the new students that it has become one of the traditions of the college, proves that not even Smith college rules can always be obeyed when great issues are at stake. A young lady was asking permission of the matron to go out driving with a gentleman friend.

"Are you engaged to him?" asked the matron.

"No," she sweetly replied, but I expect to be before I get back." Whether she went or staid history saith not.

The girls are free to visit each other's rooms any time before bed time, as there are no study hours. "Spreads" in the various rooms



are not frowned upon unless occurring after ten o'clock, and many a cup of steaming tea, heated over the gas jet, many a bit of delicious, sticky, home made candy, many a ball of swiftly popped corn, delights those book-worn maids before the fatal hour of ten, and sometimes, low be it whispered, afterwards, too. Afternoon teas are a favorite means of recreation, and charming little gatherings are had among the girls, which are thought to surpass in a certain spirit of gay *bonhomie* any festivities to which the stern sex are admitted.

Several of the houses have formed dramatic clubs among their inmates, and pleasant entertainments are given from time to time to which teachers and college friends of the actresses, are invited. Considerable histrionic talent is sometimes developed, and the only drawback to the realistic effect of these performances is the fact that President Seeley objects to the wearing of complete masculine attire by the fair amateurs, and as a consequence heroes and villains stalk the boards draped in very narrow, clinging black skirts, which look as if they felt the inappropriateness of their appearance in connection with the periwigs, ruffled shirts, swords, slouch hats and other masculine appurtenances with which the girls are permitted to deck themselves.

Every fall the sophomores give the freshmen a reception, at which the upper class girls take the part of gentlemen attendants, escorting their guests to and from the place of entertainment, seeing that their programs are filled, dancing with them, fanning them, assisting them at refreshments, and taking upon themselves the responsibility of their entertainment. A girl always has more sympathy for a masculine escort after she has played his part at one of these receptions, for then she realizes as never before, the nature of his duties. In the spring the sophomores invite the seniors to a farewell entertainment, and busy brains are racked to provide something unique each year. Last spring the hostesses made pink and blue caps and gowns for their guests, had black ones for themselves, with the exception of the ushers, who wore the class colors, yellow and white. A masquerade was followed by dancing and refreshments, and the "cap and gown party" was pronounced one of the prettiest ever seen.

The great social event of the year is the "ten mile walk around," as it has been wickedly dubbed by some audacious college boy. This is the annual reception which takes place on Washington's birthday, and to which each young lady is privileged to invite one guest. Needless to say, the favored ones are all of the masculine

persuasion, and come from Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and Williams, to grace the festivities. The reception is held in the college building, which is wonderfully metamorphosed for the occasion by the skillful disposition of sundry chairs, sofa-pillows, scarfs and various feminine nick-nacks borrowed from the cottages; and these, with the bright dresses of the girls, make fairyland out of the prosaic chapel and library. They have a unique way of lining the stairs with sofa-pillows, thus making a luxurious back ground for tier upon tier of lovely damsels, each with her attendant squire. The program for the evening consists chiefly of promenades with as many different ones as possible, and hence the name "ten mile walk." There is music, of course, and square dancing is permitted, but the president's objection to round dancing, I think interferes somewhat with terpsichorean joys. At the last reception, refreshments added to the material pleasure of the evening—somewhat of a concession, perhaps, to the peculiar necessities of the guests. The young gentlemen are expected to depart at ten o'clock, but bright eyes know how to lengthen the time to half-past ten at earliest. The janitor, who wears a Prince Albert under protest, and looks supremely wretched all through the festivities, lives only to turn out the lights, and seems to take a savage joy in quenching the light of happiness above those young creatures. At the latest possible moment the guests withdraw, the pang of parting somewhat softened by the thought of future joys another year.

Fraternities which play such a part in Western colleges, are unknown at Smith. The nearest approach to them is found in the "Alpha" a literary society with a slightly "secret" tinge, to which members are admitted in recognition of their excellence in any particular line of study. Merit of a purely literary character is perhaps more quickly recognized than any other, and it is considered a high honor to join the ranks of Alpha. This society gives occasional public entertainments, to which teachers and friends are invited. But although fertile in inventions, the girls are not thrown wholly upon their own resources in the matter of amusement, for musical and literary entertainments are not few, and the girls patronize them liberally. Six fine concerts, usually given by musicians from Boston, occur during the year, and are free to all students. Such lecturers as George W. Cable, Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, George Kennan, Richard Ely, Amelia Edwards, and others are heard either at the college or in the town; and although fine dramatic entertainments seldom come to Northampton, they frequently appear in Holyoke, a neighboring town, and the girls are free to attend them.



Often the proceeds of amateur entertainments are devoted to the furthering of some good cause which interests the girls; for although the college is broadly tolerant in the matter of beliefs, a decidedly religious atmosphere pervades the place, and the students are encouraged by precept and example to engage in active Christian work. There is a general college missionary society, and also one called the Ramabai Society, which is interested in the East India woman, Pundita Ramabai, noted for her work in behalf of her countrywomen. The College Settlements Association has a branch at Smith, and the King's Daughters, in the class of '92, have interested themselves in the home culture clubs organized by George W. Cable, of Northampton. These clubs are designed to bring a literary and educational interest into the lives of those to whom such interests are ordinarily denied—mill-hands, shop-girls, busy women with families, and all who are not in a position to secure such advantages for themselves. Each two girls of the Daughters of the King manage one of these clubs, and the members study arithmetic, bookkeeping, elocution, literary style, French, vocal music and a number of other subjects which the leaders are qualified to teach and the learners wish to know.

Attendance upon chapel is not compulsory, but the new \$5,000 organ adds much to the impressiveness of the exercises, which are simple and beautiful in character. There is no college church, but the students are permitted to attend any one of the several churches in the town. Prayers are offered every Sunday morning by the matrons of the houses, and class prayer meetings are held every Sunday night, and a beautiful Sunday afternoon vesper service is attended by all who choose. But there are no burdensome or coercive regulations in regard to religious matters; freedom of thought is encouraged; the students are treated like young women and not like boarding-school misses; rules are few and simple, and the quiet dignity of behavior which would characterize a young woman in any position of life is all that is required of her at Smith college. The aim there is to train to their highest development all the social, mental and spiritual graces which spring to life under the invigorating and refining influences of the place, and give to the world, not blue-stockings, not book-worms, not missionaries, not reformers, but *women*; women whose conscious independence shall not lessen one whit in them the sweetness of feminine charms, and whose gracious self-poise shall be the outward sign of a calm, well balanced mind, alike prepared for public or private life. Women of broad culture and deep sympathies, with lofty scorn for empty lives

and for ignoble aims; with spirits brave enough for all high-souled endeavor, and with hearts too deeply founded upon eternal truth to quail in any storm.

MADELEINE WALLIN,  
*Upsilon.*



## LOST AND FOUND.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE IN THREE SCENES.

There are certain periods of time in every man's life which may be called "formative periods," or the turning points of his existence. In some lives these important occasions cover a considerable portion of time, while in others, they are crowded into a few never-to-be-forgotten days—or even hours. These periods, long or short, as the case may be, are what make up the sum total of our real lives, for it is during these that emotion, passion, all the powers of mind and soul have been strung to their highest and intensest pitch, and whole years have been lived in single hours.

When Memory in her wanderings reaches these sacred shrines of our existence, she pauses, bows reverently, and breathes a prayer before she passes on.

In one way or another, we have all felt the force and meaning of Iago's words when he said, "This night's work shall make me, or undo me."

As I look back over my life—for though I have not yet reached my thirtieth year, I feel that I have reached the end of life's experience—I can now clearly see the few short hours during which I really lived—the hours which made me, and which have undone me. The first was my

### I—LAST NIGHT AT HOME

Before entering college.

How well I remember it! We had all spent the evening together, Mother, Father, sister Flora and dear old Carlo. Mother was putting the finishing touches into a work basket which she had filled with needles, thread and buttons for me to take with me.

"It will come pretty hard at first, for you to have to sew on your own buttons," she said, "but perhaps you will find some good, motherly woman who will take an interest in you and look after you a little once in a while. It isn't as it was when you went to the village school and could come home every night; and if you should get sick there—" but she did not finish the sentence.

Father was very busy, or pretending to be busy, writing and "figuring" at the desk, and as he handed me a cheque, the amount of which was supposed to cover my first term's expenses, he remarked, "Remember that your mother and I have worked hard for that, and we still have little Flo to look out for;" and added a mo-

ment after, "but if you need more, let us know, we will get along some way, if we have to sell every cow on the farm in order to see you a college graduate."

Little Flora was diligently preparing my favorite dish for breakfast, but we all felt too sober to talk much. It was our first real separation, and even Carlo's big brown eyes seemed sad and reproachful as he looked up into my unusually thoughtful face that last night.

It was a hard evening for us all. Finally, with the plea that we must be up in time for an "early start" in the morning, the rest all went to bed, leaving me sitting alone by the fire.

What country boy can ever forget the day on which he set out for college? How full of anticipation, of ambition, of grand resolutions, is his mind! How crowded with homesick longings, with weak misgivings, yet hopeful expectation, his heart! While his head is busy with  $x$  plus  $y$ , the "*arma virumque cano*," and history and English grammar of his coming entrance examinations. It is, indeed, one of the never-to-be-forgotten periods of life, and when, added to all the rest, the mischievous eyes and rosy cheeks of the prettiest girl in town haunt those last moments, how can a fellow recall those emotions without a twinge at his well-worn heart strings, and something like tears welling up to his unaccustomed eyes?

Yes; Mary Harmon was the prettiest girl in town, and I had cut out even the village boys, including the clerk in the store and the minister's son, to get her, and I loved her—or thought I loved her—with all my heart, and though I had never asked for any promise, yet it was well understood between us that I was to claim her when I should have completed my education and made a name for myself.

As I thought of this, my heart grew light; the four years before me seemed short, the coming examinations perfectly simple, and graduation day, when I should carry off all the honors and lay them at her feet—Oh, it seemed a grand thing to go to college, to mingle always with the best educated people, to learn all the great truths of science and philosophy, to be a scholar among scholars, to become a power in the world's affairs, an authority among mankind— but the clock struck twelve, and I hastened to bed to mingle my thoughts in a dream of college—the world—my future greatness—home—and Mary.

#### II—GRADUATION

Came all too soon, and I can remember as though it were yesterday the night (or rather early morning) before commencement, when I sat in my study smoking a last cigar before joining my chum who was already in bed and asleep.



I was not valedictorian of my class, or even one of the honor men, for I had learned that a "dig" is the most disgusting and useless of all creatures; but I was to lead the german with Miss Wellington at the commencement ball, and that more than satisfied me. "College life," I mused, "is so different after you have lived it than it looks before you begin. It does not mean four years of close confinement to books, except to a few narrow-minded fellows who never get at the true, broad meaning of college life. Those fellows who dig and dig away at Greek roots or at analytical impossibilities morning, noon and night for the whole four years—what are they good for when they get out of college? They are no better, and of no more use to the world than any form of life that never grows beyond a root or that flies off at some tangent and stays there to infinity. I am glad I got in with the right 'set' when I came to college. Our fellows are so sensible and take such correct views of life. I regard their friendship and the privileges of society life as having done more for me than all my college course put together. It seems queer when I think of it, that they took me up as they did; but then, my tenor voice got me on to the Glee Club all right, and as I am not very slow about 'picking up' things, I soon got into the way of dressing as I ought, behaving according to the dictates of polite society, and that, together with the result of freshman dancing school, placed me on a footing with the best of the 'swells.' It was mostly due, though, to the Glee Club I suppose, for that helped me to get money for the necessary expense of my correct career. Well, I am a lucky fellow, and have much to be thankful for, especially Miss Wellington's favor. Hang it! College does so change a man's ideas about women. I used to dream about the sweet, blushing, young village maiden I would bring home as my bride some day, of love in a cottage, pure and simple, and all that sort of thing, but thank heaven, I have learned a few things in college. It makes me smile when I think how my heart used to beat when I was going home from singing school with some of those country girls. How scared I was the first time I dared to kiss one goodnight; and how I once begged a lock of hair from curly-headed Rosie Batchelder, and carried it in my wallet a month—a regular freshman trick. Well, I was a green one, but I flatter myself that I am bravely over it. I wonder what the haughty Miss Wellington would think if she could behold some of the early scenes of my love-making career? I imagine she would excuse me from leading the german with her. I wonder if I'd better say anything to her to-morrow night. I don't really love her, of course; no well-regulated

young man marries for mere love in this enlightened age. She is a great prize, though, wealthy, refined, accomplished, and *the* beauty of the season. How could a fellow help wanting her for his? The regard I have for her is as far above the common, vulgar passion, called love, as she herself is superior to the ordinary country girl. What more could a man desire in a wife? She is so refined and her manners are perfect, and then she takes correct views of life. She wouldn't expect too much from her husband, and then— of course Mary has forgotten all that foolishness long ago. By Jove! I *did* think I was hard hit, that time, and she was a nice little girl, but of course, now, everything is different; she couldn't expect— Heigh-ho! I must get my beauty sleep for tomorrow."

III—THE WORLD, THE FLESH, ETC.

Well, it is five years ago to-night since I left college. I remember so well how I felt then, for I had been one of the popular ones, and I took it for granted that the world was impatiently awaiting my graduation that she might clasp me in her thrilled and thrilling arms! Wasn't I the favorite of my class? Hadn't I led every german for a year, and didn't I sing tenor in the most fashionable church in town?

I thought I had learned a great deal in college, and I had; so much, indeed, that it has taken me all these five years to *unlearn* it.

As the anticipation of college life is different from its realization, so the *real* world is altogether different from the college world. It was a great disappointment and humiliation to find out that the world had not been standing still four years waiting for me to graduate, so that I might come out and direct her course. It was still harder to meet her cold glance of inquiry as to what I was worth to her, and to endure her sarcastic smile at my inability to reply.

Well, I did the only thing I am really fitted to do, taught vocal music and dancing—studying law during my spare time. What a realization of my fond dreams! What a power I was in the world! What an authority among mankind!

And Miss Wellington? Oh, yes; her engagement was announced commencement day, and *he* danced the german with her, not I.

Fortunately, it was my pride, not my heart, that suffered. Some way, after that, I began thinking about Mary and the old times at home. I hadn't been back there since my mother died—sophomore year. Mary was such a comfort to little Flo then, and I had not even heard from her since. The more I thought about it, the more ashamed I became of my treatment of her; and, strange to say, the more I longed for her. This feeling grew upon me so intensely that



I finally resolved to go back to her, ask her to forget the past and beg her to give me her love once more. I hadn't felt so truly and innocently and boyishly happy since I entered college as I did when I started out in search of Mary. After all, I thought, love is the only thing worth living for. Learning, beauty, wealth, are all useful and worthy of consideration in their way, but none of these can bring happiness. You cannot *buy* the real, true happiness of life. You cannot *learn* it from books, you cannot realize it in beautiful forms. It is something more and something entirely different from all these, and it is oftenest found where these are not.

It had taken me a long time to reach this conclusion, but it all seemed perfectly clear when I did reach it.

To be sure, I had some misgivings as to how Mary would receive me, but I would be humble, I would abase myself, she should see my whole heart, and then she would forgive me. What woman would not forgive anything and everything in the man she loved, if only he would love *her*? So I set out on my journey, impatient, but full of hope. At last, I reached my destination. As I entered the waiting room of the little railway station, I noticed that everything looked just the same as it did the day I started for college. The same rickety settees, the same rusty stove in the corner, and even the self-same fly specks covered the narrow panes of the one window.

A crowd of memories flocked about me.

But my train of thought was rudely interrupted by the entrance of a stout, red-faced woman with two noisy children and an armful of bundles. Her meek-looking husband followed, carrying the howling, dirty-faced baby.

Surely, I thought, I have seen this man before; his face looks familiar—and that meek voice—ah, yes; it is Henry Mack, who used to clerk in the village store. Poor Henry! And this creature, his wife—why—it is Mary!

I had found her.

**Heine.****I.**

The lotus flower blushes  
At the Sun's admiring gaze,  
With drooping head receiving  
All his ardent, glowing rays.

For the Moon—he is her lover,  
He awakes her with his light.  
He is gone; she cowers and shivers  
In the cold, gray morning light.

**II.**

The joy that kissed me yesterday  
Tonight away has run;  
And true love have I never yet,  
In all my seeking, won.

Full many a woman's curious mind  
Has drawn her to my side;  
But always she has flown away,  
When she my heart has spied.

And some would laugh before they fled,  
And some would pallid grow;  
But only Kitty bitterly  
Wept e'er she turned to go.

**III.**

Death is the night, so cool and sweet,  
Life is the day, so full of heat.  
It is growing dark and I am dreary;  
The day has made me weary.

Over my bed there stands a tree;  
There the nightingale sings to me.  
With love his song is teeming;  
I hear it even dreaming.



## THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Before the publication of that powerful but gloomy romance, "The Scarlet Letter," the genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne had been recognized by only a few appreciative readers, and for a long time, to use his own words, he was "the obscurest man of letters in America."

This was undoubtedly due to the singularity of his genius. The phantom-like character of some of his creations and the mystery which surrounds others make them very unsatisfactory to many readers. But for others, these very peculiarities combined with his delightful style possess an indescribable charm.

However great be the distance as regards merit between "The Mosses from an Old Manse," the last of his short stories, and "The Scarlet Letter," the first of his romances, in all of these tales we find the same delicate fancy, the same mysterious gloom, with here and there a touch of humor that characterize his later works. In some of them, too, are found the germs of his romances, and all of them contain ideas but half revealed which might have become the foundation of longer stories.

Compared with his romances, Hawthorne's earlier works seem to have been merely the sport of his fancy, and not to have called forth his real strength. The vagueness and dimness which may be observed in the characters of his shorter stories are not present in his later works. In these the characters have distinct outlines and the story has a moral to impress. In all of his longer works, he dealt with strange moral problems as only he could with his wonderful insight into the human soul. In "The House of the Seven Gables," the theme, in his own words, is that "the wrong-doing of one generation lives into successive ones, and divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes pure and uncontrollable evil. Again, in "The Marble Faun," the educating power of sin is the theme, and in "The Scarlet Letter," the agony of an overburdened conscience finding no rest from the stings of remorse.

In all, suffering as the result of crime, even of one single criminal act, is the keynote of his narrative. It is as if he had taken for his guide the lines: "Action is momentary,—the movement of a muscle this way or that; Suffering is long, obscure, infinite."

Two characteristics of Hawthorne's genius are nowhere more plainly marked than in "The Scarlet Letter." One consists in pay-

ing slight attention to external incidents, but subordinating them to inward events, and the other is his marvellous insight into "the spiritual laws which govern the strangest aberrations of individual souls."

The sternness of Puritan life furnishes him a background against which the prominent figures stand out with startling distinctness.

It is by far the most impressive of Hawthorne's works, and, although it treats of sin in its most fearful form, and with a wonderful fidelity of purpose, keeps very closely to the main idea, lighting up the dark picture with the fiery gleams of the *Scarlet Letter* itself, yet nothing could be loftier or purer than the manner in which it is written.

In one of the sufferers of this story, Mr. Dimmesdale, Hawthorne has shown us nature of most delicate sensibility, but a nature of a kind not to be driven to desperate deeds by the goading of an outraged conscience. He had reverence for law, and could not, like Hester Paynne, have the strength to defy law, nor could he imagine himself as she did, cut off by crime from the laws governing the actions of other people. And so he lived a life of acts of penance, but never was he really penitent until his final confession. Hester withdrew from the world, held intercourse only with the sick and suffering, devoted herself to deeds of charity, but more from pride than penitence. In old Roger Chillingworth, Hester's husband, we find still another sufferer from this one crime. His hatred had turned into a fiend, and in his unrelenting pursuit of revenge he committed a far worse crime than the one which instigated his own.

The most fearful and powerful single scene that Hawthorne ever wrote is the one describing Arthur Dimmesdale's midnight vigil on the scaffold where Hester had stood as punishment for her crime. How the darkness and gloom of night oppress us as we read, and what hideous mockery attends the possible events made real by the terribly vivid imagination of the wretched man who fancied he would find relief in standing in this place of shame. Nowhere can be found so terrible a picture of the inevitable doom which follows crime.

In his creation of character, Hawthorne may truly be said to create something out of nothing. His characters depend for their truth, not upon their imitation of real human beings, but upon their own self-coherency. They are creations of Hawthorne's own imagination, and not the typified results of keen observation.

Hawthorne's genius was influenced by his temperament, but not by his will. He could not force himself to create. He did not rule



his genius, his genius ruled him, and he only revealed what he was impelled to by its force. His conceptions of characters floated before him in dim forms, as it were, took shape and were revealed to the reader as they passed before his vision, and he did not pretend to control their destinies, but left them to their fate. In the "Blithedale Romance," the four principal characters (Priscilla, Zenobia, Hollingsworth and Coverdale) all drift on to their fate. The author represents the results as they must be; he is entirely unable to alter the course of destiny.

In "The House of Seven Gables," the fatality which follows in the footsteps of the descendants of old Judge Pyncheon and the ghostly atmosphere of the old house are relieved by the sunny presence of the young girl, Phœbe, and by touches of quaint and delicious humor. These help to make "The House of Seven Gables" more popular than any of his previous works. And now we come to consider the work which, in the opinion of many, rivals, if it does not excel, "The Scarlet Letter." The first few scenes of "The Marble Faun" are not overshadowed by the impending doom, and the reader, in the company of the four artists, is allowed to enjoy the scenery of sunny Italy and the grandeur of Rome without being haunted by threatening evil. Yet even here, the mystery of Miriam's past life throws a shadow over her which soon spreads its gloom over the whole scene. The question is sometimes raised as to whether Miriam was guilty of any crime before she instigated Donatello to murder her tormentor. As regards that, we have proof to the contrary, for Kenyon says to her, "I shudder at the fatality that seems to haunt your footsteps, and throws a shadow of crime about your path, you being guiltless."

"There was such a fatality," said Miriam. "Yes, the shadow fell upon me, innocent, but I went astray in it, and wandered, as Hilda could tell you, into crime." And here is a fearful witness of the fatal results of crime, which involve the innocent as well as the guilty. In the same way, Hilda felt the spotless robe of her purity stained by the knowledge of Miriam's crime. The person around whom most of the interest centres is Donatello. He is purely a creation of Hawthorne's fancy, and wonderful indeed is the imagination which could back into the far off ages and see "men as they came forth from the creating breath."

The suffering caused by sin awakened a higher intelligence in this happy, careless creature. Hawthorne lays before us a difficult problem when he makes Kenyon say: "Sin has educated Donatello, and elevated him. Is sin, then, which we deem such a dreadful black-

ness in the universe—is it like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained?"

The character of Donatello has been called one of the subtlest conceptions of modern genius, and, with the exception of the character of little Pearl in "The Scarlet Letter," it is the most peculiarly Hawthorne's own.

Little Pearl with her willful waywardness, her remarkable vivacity and her wonderful beauty, is like the sunbeams which she loved so much. These two characters alone would certainly vindicate Hawthorne's right to be called the finest genius of America.

Whenever we close one of Hawthorne's books, whichever one it may be, we are left in a pensive, thoughtful mood. It is as though all glimpses into the depths of the human soul but half reveal the mystery beneath, and overwhelm the gazer with inexpressible sadness.

G. C.

*Lambda.*



### COLLEGE GIRLS.

"Ye are green wood, see ye warp not."—*Princess.*

There is no doubt that the most charming creature of creation is a young girl (though we would steer clear of the floral metaphor).

And doubtless the college girl should be the most bewitching of her kind. Yet I have somewhat against this young person, and fancy the last improvement on the patent is not yet out. It has been a tradition that among other callings her business is to be fascinating, something fine and fair. It is not enough to be good. It is not enough to be learned.

Is it true that college girls as a class are in some degree missing their calling? Is it true they have not, after all, that eminent virtue of which Matthew Arnold found such a lamentable dearth in America as to consider it a national defect? That is the mysterious attribute he calls "interesting." If you ask me what it is, I shall say like Stevenson's Scotchman who was trying to pronounce an impossible Gaelic word, "I canna spik it, but a feel it in ma breest." It is greater than beauty, for it beautifies; greater than eloquence, for it is eloquence plus something; above wit, for it is wit and a pinch of something more than Attic; beyond knowledge, because it is knowledge with creation, and dispenses with great learning quite. It is an air, a grace, a subtle aroma of character, as elusive to description, yet as patent as the ewig weibliche itself. We have all felt its spell.

I was unwillingly introduced to a most unpromising illustration the other day. She had rusty, sandy hair, parted and plastered well down behind the ears in the frivolous, old fashioned way, and wadded (not coiled as the novel would declare) into a knot looking absurdly like the unclassic handle to a mustard cruet. She had no figure to speak of and what she had was dumpy, enhanced by a belted blue flannel shooting jacket. She was not fair, but fat and forty, and had never been to college.

When she spoke, however, I forgot the blue shooting jacket and the mustard cruet was not. She had a low, sweet voice and was interesting. Alive to all the fresh and stimulating doings of the world, this dear old girl was more fascinating than most college girls.

I have another friend who has an unamiable throat which confines her to the house months at a time, away from all touch with the breezy outside world. Yet an hour takes wings spent with her.

I catch a quaint, mellow glimpse of things through her eyes; the real titillation of the fifth-rib humorous that none of the college fair excel.

Perhaps it is the vast amount of undigested knowledge that makes them just a trifle too knowing and apt to be pert. A lack of reverent ideals, and an exaggerated sense of their importance relative to others. A loudness as of cymbals, and in which a hint or aroma were too mild to characterize aught pertaining to them. Above all, there is an unpleasant self-consciousness in college girls perhaps inseparable from the unwholesome high light in which they suddenly find themselves, and a lack of originality for which the public school methods of grinding out students as nearly alike as ginger cakes cut with the same tin.

College girls are in a pathetic ferment of restless ambition. All at once they may try so many different professions while the one they really prefer, is to be somebody's wife. It is so uncertain however that they will have one chance for their life's happiness from the two or three proposals they will probably receive. That makes their fate pathetic. They are educated to be particular about the men they marry. They are educated above the demand of the 19th century.

I were a poor physician who diagnosed without prescribing. Part of my prescription came bodily from a "doctor book." A prescription for the cultivation of that greatest magic, the charm of being interesting, the spell that will give one friends, with a degree of most other "goodies." It was written in italics:

1. The privileges of the university will not supply the want of thought, but strong, continuous thought will atone for the want of them.

2. Originality of thought and expression do not come by accident.

3. To excite the mind and supply it with ideas, go rather to nature than books.

4. Imitate nobody. Originality of thought alone will not do. It is originality of expression that charms. A quaint idea deftly turned, a new angle of observation, an apt description. Flaubert, whose greatest disciple is Guy de Maupassant, said in his talks to his pupil, "If you look at the commonest object long enough, a milk wagon for instance, you will see it at an angle from which it has never been viewed before." Originality can be grown in most mental gardens.

The reason that old men are generally more interesting than elderly women is that they have read more in the book of human nature, and thought more on their own account.



The rest of the prescription is made from my own observation. It is to cultivate the Charles Lamb kind of humor. It is the mellowest, most difficult of acquisition, but will pay. It is the humor of the philosopher. College girls take life very hard. It seems of such vital consequence that they should have things their own way. It is said that the feminine is not the humorous sex. Yet I cannot imagine an interesting woman destitute of humor. Conceit and tolerant humor cannot dwell in the same young woman. Pretense shies at it. It recognizes that we are dust.

Last and best of all, love as much as possible, for its own sake, for the uplift and with no thought of return. There is nothing so winning and inspiring as the habit of loving. Nothing so cultivating to the person who exercises the talent. Not an indiscriminate gush of affection. But a delight in whatever things are lovely. Love books, love pictures, love music, the sunshine and nature. If you wish to be interested in the woods listen to one who loves them. Love people. If you wish to be interesting to your friends, love them well enough to give them of your best and brightest self, and they will come out of their shells and shine for you. A loving soul draws the best from all it touches.

ALPHA.

### EDITORIALS.

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Happy New Year.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

The beginning of a new year, although of itself not more worthy of note than the awakening of a new day, or new hour, has always been, to most people, a time for self-examination, for reflection, and for new hope and inspiration. It is at this season that all the world stands together in the temple of Janus surveying "the life that now is and that which is to come." That which distinguishes man from the lower animals is the fact that "he is able to regard his nature as a whole, and to gather up its passing experiences into the unity of a consistent life." And it is eminently fitting and right for us all, at the beginning of a new year, to regard our present in the critical light of our past, to learn the sad lessons taught us by our failures, and to ponder carefully our few successes. It is not an enjoyable experience for any one to stand at the doorway of his inmost soul and look honestly and unflinchingly at what he sees therein; but one such steadfast gaze, the straightforward, critical, remorseful beholding ourselves as *we are*, is more profitable and helpful than the constant sight of ourselves "as others see us." It has been said that every man is a combination of three personalities: first, himself as his neighbors see him; second, himself as he sees himself; third, himself as God sees him. What a New Year's revelation it would be for some of us to change our point of view from that of our neighbors' and look at ourselves from our own standpoint, or to "know ourselves even as we are known" by our Creator. What wonder, with such a transformation, that the world seems created anew each year! Now our Present sits in judgment on our Past and a cloud of witnesses render their relentless verdict of "guilty in the first degree." Now, too, as we look forward into the future, we see, dimly, our most loved and cherished ideal—which we have never really forgotten or lost sight of as we played by the way—as she looks back beckoning us reproachfully to hasten our lagging footsteps. Too much introspection is, of course, only morbid egotism, but that which the New Year brings is healthful and inspiring. The yearly renovation of thought, the annual sharpening of our dull wits, the brightening up of our spiritual armor, is an experience that teaches a wise and helpful lesson, and one that we all need to learn.



The address of Mrs. J. H. Spear is changed to P. O. Drawer 27, St. Augustine, Florida, but business letters requiring immediate attention in *Burlington* should be sent to Mrs. Walter B. Gates as they will then reach "headquarters" at once.

We sent the October Journal to all alumnae of whom we could obtain the addresses. Please take the hint and send your subscriptions for the year, \$1.25, to Mrs. Spear.

Remember in writing for publication to write on *one side* of the sheet *only*. Otherwise it has all to be copied before being sent to the printer. This will save us much time. Fold your manuscripts if necessary, but do not roll them under any circumstances. Be sure to write all names of persons or places plainly.

The following names of the Corresponding Secretaries reached us too late to be inserted in the Directory of this number, but will appear in their proper place in the coming issues:

TAU,.....Women's College, Edith M. Garton, Evanston, Ill.

UPSILON,..University of Minnesota, Helene Dresser, Minneapolis.

PSI,.....K. A. O. Lodge, Daisy Chadwick, Madison, Wis.

We welcome you, Swathmore sisters, most heartily, and if our greeting comes a little late, it is none the less cordial and sincere. You have by this time been "kittens" in K. A. O. long enough to get your eyes open and see how much there is to enjoy and appreciate in your new life, and we congratulate you and ourselves at the same time on our mutual good fortune. We extend our best wishes for your full enjoyment of all the blessings of Theta life—a biennial catalogue, new song books at stated intervals, a copy of the KAPPA ALPHA THETA at the *beginning* of every quarter, and a "Kat's Cradle" all your own.

All contributions for the next number of the Quarterly should be in the hands of the editor by the first of March.

It has been suggested that some of the short plays used by different chapters for amateur theatricals be published in the KAPPA ALPHA THETA for the benefit of the fraternity as a whole. The suggestion is a good one, and we shall be glad to receive the "first fruits" of all our dramatic geniuses.

Thetas should all bear in mind that in order to maintain a literary department in the KAPPA ALPHA THETA, something else besides chapter letters and personals is necessary. Contributions of general literature are expected from *each* chapter, and not from a mag-nanimous few. When all contribute, an opportunity is given to compare the literary standard of different chapters, and at the same time to raise our own standard in the realm of Greek journalism. Essays on subjects of general interest to college people, poems and stories such as our annuals and other college papers publish, will be most heartily welcomed to our pages. Beautiful spring poems, sent in the first of March, will be just in season for the April number.

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A visit to the College Mission in New York City is full of interest to all college girls who are "heathenly inclined." The colleges now represented in the work are Cornell, Smith, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr; but a branch mission, which is soon to be started in Boston, will require the co-operation of more colleges. The work, as it is now carried on, is more of a social than a religious nature, and more friendly than charitable. The mission house is located at No. 95 Rivington street, not right in the heart but in the *liver* (if that term may be considered as proper as appropriate) of New York City. Surrounded by the dregs of civilization, these strong, earnest unas-suming college girls are doing their best to clear the atmosphere and "sweep the cobwebs from the sky." Not by theory, but by practice, not by moralizing, but by realizing, they are revealing to those poor, debased street gamins and to their poorer and still more de-based fathers and mothers, the possibility of a better existence, and a purer, more wholesome life. It is not a pleasant or congenial life for refined women; there is little that is ideal or romantic about it, especially in the hot, diseased summer, but it is a noble work, and it is not only the "heathen" who receive help from it, for "who gives *himself* with his alms, feeds three." In many respects this mission would be a grand "finishing school" for young ladies who wish to complete their education. It would surely open to them new avenues of thought and reveal startling truths in the sphere of sociology and ethics. The many would-be philanthropists who sit by their cosy fireplaces reading the misionary reviews with an occasional self-adulatory sigh over the poor unchristianized millions, should spend a day making fashionable calls in Rivington St.

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We are about to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of our



existence as a western people, and it is natural that there should be a desire on the part of our national congress to appropriate some money for the purpose of marking the event by a special celebration of some sort or another. The question is, what sort of celebration shall it be?

The world has held a number of great fairs, and our Parisian cousins have by a prodigious effort succeeded in overtopping our previous feats of engineering by erecting upon their exposition grounds a gigantic mass of iron known as the Eiffel tower.

Were it not for this tower, it would be a comparatively simple matter for Americans to go ahead and celebrate their nation's glory by feasible and sensible methods. But sad though it is, the Eiffel tower is a monstrous reality, challenging the Yankee to "go the Frenchman one better." This is a grave matter of interest to every citizen, and in view of this, it may not seem extravagant in the writer to make one or two suggestions.

Generally speaking, the practice of copying would be degrading to a nation. But in this case of the Eiffel tower—a thing so beautiful, and useful and so indicative of a people's good sense and good breeding—in this case, the practice of patterning to a certain extent would seem entirely excusable. What nation on the face of the globe except ours would dare to attempt the erection of a gigantic tower four thousand feet high—a thousand feet for every century of our existence? The very thought of the project makes one's blood tingle with patriotic pride!

But we should copy from the French model as little as possible, and the writer has a further suggestion to make. As this tower is to be symbolic of our national growth, it will of course be essential to the proper carrying out of this idea, that the mass should increase in size as it extends upward. Thus we shall have reached the climax of engineering skill when we shall have erected a prodigious cone-shaped monument four thousand feet high balanced on its apex, with the aid of the necessary supports. It will then be a simple matter to hold our world's fair on the flat surface of the top of our cone—neither in New York nor Chicago, but among the clouds—and fling defiance at our French cousins. We shall then have reached the goal of our present aspirations, and no nation on earth will dispute our claim to eccentricity.

This plan is a mere suggestion. It may not be so good as the proposal of a certain congressman to erect a monument down in the Potomac swamp, side by side with the Washington monument. It may not be so representative of our genius as the holding of a *floating* world's fair on New York bay. But the writer hit upon this expedient to forestall the next proposition that is sure to come—for congress is slowly but surely making up its great mind to do something desperate—the proposal of holding an aerial world's fair in balloons, thoroughly practicable but a trifle perilous.—*Cynic*.

The above suggestion is of interest to those of us who contemplate a Pan-Hellenic convention to be held at the world's fair. Following Emerson's advice, "Hitch your wagon to a star," we might make



the ascent with our kites, thus saving the much talked of trouble of obtaining reduced rates on the railroads.

The fraternity world is hereby informed for the first time that the sorority of Delta Gamma is about to disintegrate. This information comes from no other source than the good sister who exercises editorial control over *Anchora*, the magazine of that organization. By the above the *Journal* has scored what in the journalistic world would be called a "scoop" on its contemporaries. For confirmation of the statement that our fair young sister organization has about served its usefulness and is now ready to follow in the footsteps of the defunct W. W. W., or Rainbow, the reader is referred to page 3, No. 1, Vol. VIII., of *Anchora*, whereupon there will be seen a symposium entitled, "How Shall We Interest Chapters in Each Other?" The writer of this has not yet read any article of the symposium, although he intends to read them all before closing this review; but the headlines are sufficiently indicative to be conclusive. Without further ado, the assertion is hereby made that either the editor has been unhappy, unhappy indeed, in her selection of a subject for the symposium, or else the organization is fast approaching the point where disintegration is inevitable. There may be some organizations which can live successfully without the different sub-organizations of the body being in touch with and interested in each other, but a college fraternity or sorority is not one of them. One of the most brilliant illustrations of this fact that has ever come under the *Journal's* notice is the recent action of Delta Kappa Epsilon with regard to its Harvard chapter. If the time should ever come to our own fraternity when Alpha was not interested in Omega, when Chi was not interested in Rho, when Delta was not interested in Alpha-Delta, and when Alpha-Lambda drew herself within the folds of her own exclusiveness, the *Journal* hopes that the whole organization will stop, quit, cease to exist, become defunct. It is better to live on the glories of what has been than to glut on the disgrace of the selfish present. So now, in all brotherly love, the *Journal* would say to *Anchora* that unless it desires the impression to become current that Delta Gamma is in a fair way to lapse from inanition, steer clear of such head-lines. Encourage, stimulate, or increase the interest between chapters if you will, but do not attempt to create it. The consensus of opinion as evidenced by the seven articles forming *Anchora's* group upon this subject of mutual chapter interest is that personal correspondence between the chapters, as general attendance at conventions as can be secured, and a carefully prepared chapter correspondence in the fraternity publication, would conduce more to inter-chapter interest than any thing else. The *Journal* can heartily endorse all of these, and would urge upon all Kappa Alphas the desirability of pursuing all of those three courses. The first and third can be commenced now, and it will not be so very long before we have another convention. All who were at the last convention will testify that they are better Kappa Alphas now than ever before.

This criticism taken from the *Kappa Alpha Journal*, though rath-



er harsh and unkind in its nature, yet contains a warning element of truth that is beneficial. Chapters which are possessed of the true fraternity spirit surely could not lose interest in each other any more than the mother could lose interest in the welfare of an absent child, or a sister in Wellesley forget her brother at Harvard. Chapters which have lost interest in each other are hopeless and should commit suicide for the benefit of the fraternity as a whole. But the reason why such a state of affairs is able to come about is, to begin with, the fault of the fraternity in founding uncongenial chapters. This is the mistake which must be avoided and which, once committed, can not be remedied.

## CHAPTER CORRESPONDENCE.

## ALPHA.

*Dear Theta Sisters:*

The bright winter days of this college year are fairly flying by, crowded with events which make the life of a college girl so happy. They are full of earnest work, more earnest than ever before, for each year our standard of what a Theta, as a student, should be, is raised. This year, especially, when we were considering new girls, the first question was as to their studentship, for one of the necessary qualities of a *true* Theta—and that is what we are all earnestly striving to be—is high scholarship. But of course it is not all work, and De Pauw, while perhaps not so gay as usual, has had many enjoyable little events this semester. Several of the men's fraternities have entertained their lady friends. Among these Phi Gam, Delta Tau, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi, and Phi Psi, and while these companies were rather informal, yet for that reason they were the more enjoyable. Kappa Kappa Gamma and Alpha Phi entertained Hallowe'en, and Alpha Chi gave a delightful reception to Miss Mary Howe, the distinguished singer, when she was here.

We Thetas have had the most charming times among ourselves; Hallowe'en some of our alumnae and our dear little preps were with us, and a gay evening was spent in trying our fortunes, bobbing for apples, etc. Mrs. Smyser, at whose home we were entertained, surprised us later in the evening with a feast of good things.

One evening our sophomores,—the flower of K. A. O., at least so the sophomores think—served the fraternity with dainty refreshments.

It seems late to speak of the result of the "spiking" season, for now our new girls have so won our hearts that they are no longer strangers among us. Our inter-fraternity contract lasted but four weeks this year, and when the time had passed we pinned the "black and gold" on our six new sisters and gave them a hearty welcome to our ranks.

We Alpha girls are more than fortunate in having so strong an alumnae chapter here, and many of those who have been out for a number of years are so full of enthusiasm, so earnest in the cause of Theta, they give us more help than they imagine by their interest in us. But then, it is impossible for one who has ever worn our "kite," for one who has ever loved the "black and gold," to lose her devotion for our beloved Kappa Alpha Theta.

Most loyally,

ALPHA.



**BETA.**

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON, IND., Dec. 2, '91.

*Dear Thetas:*

Though our greeting is a tardy one and should have been in the last JOURNAL, please understand that it is none the less hearty. We cherish the warmest and best of wishes for all the Theta chapters, scattered as they are from Vermont to California.

I. U. has entered upon another prosperous year although great changes have taken place in the faculty. We have furnished Leland Stanford U. with a president, Dr. Jordan, also several members for the faculty. However, Indiana's resources did not fail; we have for our new president, Dr. J. Merle-Coulter, who directs affairs with a wise, firm but kind hand. We are well content with the change.

Our chapter is in good condition, having twenty-seven active members, eight of whom are seniors. We have initiated this year nine new Thetas. We miss very much the girls who were with us last year and have not returned.

On All Hallowe'en we girls had "just a girl party," at the home of Mary Lindley. We danced and talked and tried our fortunes in all manner of ways. Even the delightful refreshments had some concealed charm. We went away at a late hour better and happier for an evening together, which will long be remembered by all of us.

On Dec. 12 we are to give a reception for the mothers of the Theta girls and other ladies who have shown us favor in times past.

Hoping this term has been as happily passed by all of you as by us we bid you good bye until the next.

BETA.

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**DELTA.**

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

*Dear Girls:*

Delta is just closing a most successful term. When we entered school this fall there were many things to discourage us. We were small in numbers but by earnest work and loyalty we are again in good condition. We started out with seven college girls and have already increased our number 100 per cent.

We held our first meeting in our new hall yesterday. It is fitted up in Black and Gold and it is needless to say that we are proud of our home although it is small. Among those of our absent sisters who have helped us in our work are sisters Minnie Cockerline, Cora Wamsley, Nannie Want, Irene Blanchard, Hattie Wasmuth, and Clara Landon. In addition to this list we might add the names of two Phi Gamma Delta friends who are as kind to us as "sisters."

Delta is especially joyful over her new girls. First we wish to introduce to you Miss Lelia Means, who is now a full fledged Theta. She has served her two years probation as a pledged member most loyally and we were glad when the time came to greet her with the grip. Of the new freshman girls we took our choice and not only *our* choice in some cases.

Those who now answer to our roll call for the first time are Misses Louise Ludden, Eva Corbly, Carrie Rivers, Ella Caldwell, Lelia Smith, Brittie Kincaid. The girls are all fine students and very enthusiastic.

We have been somewhat selfish with our "good times" this fall. We invited our gentlemen friends to an informal Hallowe'en party at the home of Millie Murphy. This is the only time we have entertained them. Fun was the object of the evening.

However, we ourselves have been treated much better. Miss May Crute entertained all the O girls in school at her beautiful home in the city a few weeks ago. The tea was given in a most delicate manner and every one had a happy evening. May is a jolly hostess and an entertainment in herself.

On the evening of our invitation, Nov. 20, Miss Lelia Means gave a reception in honor of "our babies." A rich supper was spread and every one in a good mood to appreciate and enjoy it. In speaking of kind treatment we would not forget to mention the mothers of our girls who always do all they can to make us happy.

Among the girls who have visited us this fall are Mrs. Maud Pillsbury Walker, of Wisconsin, Miss Ella New, of Colorado, Lillie McCrea, of Chicago, Cora Wamsley, of Hoopeston, Olive Nichols. We are always glad to greet you. Wish more of the absent girls could come back.

The pin fever has seized our chapter. Four new pins have already been ordered this fall and three more are to be ordered soon. They are no \$5. affairs either. Those who wear the new pins are Lelia Means, Carrie Rivers, Louise Ludden, Phoebe Kerrick.

Our new hall has been presented two beautiful presents of Black and Gold cast by sisters Stella Jones, and Cora Wamsley.

Wishing every Theta a happy and successful new year, we are truly your sisters.

DELTA.

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EPSILON.

UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER, OHIO, December 8, 1891.

Dear Girls, whoever and wherever you are:—

Just the virtue of two articles from one pen in one and the



same small book is not known. Perhaps the only merit therein is the cause—that it is done out of compassion for our regular chapter correspondent, who is too busy to write herself. *Too busy*, we are all *too busy*; too busy for health of body or spirit; too busy for the best growth; too busy for rest; if breathing required separate hours, I surmise that many of us must perforce succumb and stop breathing. We seem to live, as it were, in short-hand. Why do we do it? Is it right?

This is a digression. Well, digressions are healthful if earnest.

I have been asked to narrate the state of our chapter's late life. The first matter that will interest you—will interest you. Epsilon chapter has gone to housekeeping. It was last August that we first rented rooms which should be "our house" for this year. The rooms are very cosy, indeed. The girls donated generously, as did also the resident alumnae and the parents of former members, so that now the rooms are become very attractive. While ladies' fraternities *are*, it seems strongly advisable that there be a definite place in which to meet. One thing we had not and now have—the indispensable set of dishes. And this introduces the most pleasant report Epsilon has to make, namely the visit we have recently enjoyed from Mrs. Spear, of Lambda chapter. Epsilon's three delegates to the last convention were permitted to receive Mrs. Spear's kind care while in Burlington. Their warm friendship has been furthered by that lady's late sojourn among us. While here she was tendered a reception by our sister Theta, Cora Frick, and also one by the girls of Kappa Kappa Gamma. Perhaps—yes, surely—only our Burlington sisters can appreciate the feelings that Mrs. Spear's warm liberal heart creates.

She loves girls; when you take her hand you feel it.

Did you all know and love our dear chapter correspondent as we do here in Wooster, you might be able to enter into our enjoyment of her gratitude for the very beautiful fraternity pin given her by Mrs. Spear. Just as certainly as Mrs. Spear loves girls does she love Luella Wallace heartily and justly. We are glad, too, to tell the girls how much we thank our friend for our new dishes, our little spirit lamp and tea kettle and all the many kindnesses we received from her.

The chapter initiated Mabel Saybolt during Mrs. Spear's visit and since then has also received Mary Rahm. Both of these girls are freshmen and residents of Wooster. What we desire for them is not confined to their fraternity life, but that they may be *women*, with that one aim and single purpose which alone is needful.

Further, Epsilon has not much to say, save that there is a high standard of fraternity principle which we have seen vaguely and of which we lack, and unless that high standard is attained, the fraternity is hurtful and narrowing; that is, the girls of a *sorority* must be *sisters*.

And such I am glad to be to all of you, sending Epsilon's very best good will,

MELLICENT M. WOODWORTH.

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IOTA.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.

The entering class this year seemed unusually attractive and we hoped to get some good, strong girls, as indeed we have succeeded in doing. We have just had our initiation at which we initiated among these girls, Grace Dodge, Margaret Boynton, and Mary Cummings. As of course nearly always the case where there are so many fraternities our invitations are not always accepted. We have lost one of our seniors this term, Mary Harmon, formerly of Mu, who was called home suddenly about the middle of the term. She does not expect to return at present.

We lost nearly all the girls last June, who had taken the responsibility of fraternity business and management, but we hope that it will be this year, as it has been so many years before, that these girls who are left will prove themselves to be good and competent workers, as soon as they become accustomed to the work. Besides the seniors who graduated last June, we have lost two other girls, Miss Myrtle Wells, who is teaching in the west, and Miss Lillian Marsh; Miss Marsh expected to return this year, but has now changed her plans and is to be married this week. Our number is, however, increased by three girls from Beta, Elizabeth Comstock, Erla Hittle and Mabel Banta. Helen Simpson, of Epsilon, who graduated here with '91, has returned for a post graduate course.

The delegate who went to Swathmore to initiate the new chapter there, was much pleased with the prospect of Kappa Alpha Theta in that place. The girls, though young, are faithful students and impressed with the responsibility which they have undertaken. The spirit which they showed at the initiation and with which they have entered their work, seem to promise well for their future. They have the only chapter of any fraternity among the girls, and can thus, we hope, have a chance to get the character of their chapter well established, before the trials of competitive rushing have to begin for them. Swathmore is a beautiful place, and the



class of students which goes there is very good, many of them coming from the Friends. We are very glad, too, to have another chapter in the east.

We instituted a new custom in Theta last spring. Instead of having the usual banquet we gave a little play, to which our friends among the girls and the Faculty ladies were invited. It was very pleasant, and we hope to be able to do something more of the same kind this year.

A number of our older members were back last June, among them Miss Julia Snow, '88, who stopped here on her way to Germany, where she is going to study a year or so. The others came, most of them, for the camp which a few young people have had on Lake Cayuga for three years.

None of our seniors took part in the Commencement or Class-day exercises last June, but three of them received mention for theses of distinguished excellence. Three of our girls also were elected to Phi Beta Kappa last spring, two seniors, Miss Amelia Shapleigh, Miss Louise Robbins, and one junior, Miss Grace Caldwell.

Only one of our '91 girls is away from home teaching this year. The rest are all at home either teaching, doing literary work or keeping house, or, more probably doing all three together.

One of our strongest alumnae members, Mrs. A. W. Smith, of whom you were told last year, has left Ithaca and moved to Madison, Wis., where her husband has received an appointment. She is a great loss to us, for we depend on our Faculty members for advice in all matters, and her home, too, was always open to us.

Iota sends her best wishes to all the chapters.

IOTA.

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KAPPA.

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY, LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

The routine of our chapter life has been somewhat broken this fall owing to the demand which rushing season and the half term examinations made upon us. Thanksgiving vacation has also interfered somewhat with the regularity of our meetings, but the remainder of the year promises no more interruptions and we shall be very glad to once more pursue the even tenor of our way.

One evening in October, Misses May and Edith Haskell invited us to spend the night at their beautiful home, and right royally were we entertained. One of the pleasant features of the occasion was the grouping of the girls on the lawn for a photograph.

The inter-fraternity pledge expired the ninth of November and as a result of our labors we pledged Annie Wilder, Maude Swelser and Madge Schaum—three freshmen whom we shall soon initiate. We consider them very desirable girls.

The middle of November Mrs. Dudley Haskell kindly offered us her house for a Theta tea, which we gave in honor of the new girls. Our gentlemen friends were bidden for the evening, and although our entertaining was not done on so elaborate a scale as our sister sororities indulged in, the affair was none the less successful. The following Saturday we spent the day at Miss Mame Monroe's. A very tempting lunch was served and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

There is much enthusiasm in the University over our football eleven. Not only has the team won every game played this season, but the score in each instance has been twenty-two to four, thirty-six to eight, or thereabouts. Wherever they go the students literally as well as figuratively paint the town red with their crimson, the color of the Athletic Association.

KAPPA.

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LAMBDA.

BURLINGTON, VT.

*Sisters in Theta:*

Our college year opened pleasantly and every one has settled down to hard work. All of our undergraduate members but one have returned.

We all regretted having to lose Cora Lovell, who is obliged to leave college on account of the illness of her mother. We mapped out a program for the year's literary work and so far it has gone off nicely, and all have endeavored to make our evenings profitable as well as pleasant.

We are taking up the Elizabethan period in English literature.

We still have our teas at the chapter house on Saturday evening, as last year.

Our class of freshman girls this year is not so large as it has been for the last few years, but the class seems to make up in quality what it lacks in quantity.

We have not initiated any yet; in this respect we are rather late, but as we have no rival society we are not obliged to hurry.

We all feel that convention did us good. Each girl has more interest, more love for the fraternity, and a greater determination to do good work for Theta.



Lambda extends her very best wishes to her sister chapters for a happy, prosperous year.

Yours in Theta,

LAMBDA.

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MU.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PENN'A.

*Dear Sisters:*

We wish to tell you, first of all, the pleasure the last number of the JOURNAL afforded us. Its artistic dress was commented upon and the number as a whole highly approved.

Since our last letter we have added two girls to our number; Myrna Langley, class of '94, is already as enthusiastic a Theta as any of us, and Emma Lockart, our latest initiate, is one of Meadville's finest girls.

We doubt if any of the Thetas spent a more pleasant Hallowe'en than we. It was the occasion for a party, held at the home of the Misses Edson, resident sisters, at which were present about forty of our college friends. Our girls wore black and gold robes fashioned for the occasion, and were masked, as were also our lady guests. It was the duty of each gentleman to discover the identity of each lady and place the name opposite the number on a card—a part of the unique souvenirs—which corresponded to the number she wore. The most and least successful gentlemen were awarded prizes. The three witches were kept busy dispensing fortunes to curious visitors. Appropriate refreshments were served and the usual Hallowe'en tricks tried. An "ouija" board, which delivered "messages" and answered questions with astonishing ease, caused much amusement.

It is a pleasant custom of the Phi Delta Thetas to observe Thanksgiving in some manner. This year they gave an elegant dinner at which Kappa Alpha Theta was well represented. At its close, the company repaired to the Phi rooms where the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent.

We were given two days' vacation after Thanksgiving, and a few of our girls spent them at their homes. To those who remained, the time occupied in attending small parties, entertainments, etc., passed all too quickly.

With a wish for the happiness of all Thetas at Yule-tide,

MU.

## OMICRON.

*Dear Theta Sisters:*

We received the notice too late to get a letter in the last JOURNAL, and as some of the chapters have asked for our commencement news, we will sketch briefly our unusually brilliant festivities at the close of the year.

The social event of the year was our reception, given at Mrs. Cool's elegant home. It was a very original and artistic affair and the guests enjoyed themselves so thoroughly that afterward they voted the K. A. O. girls the best entertainers in college.

According to our long established custom, we had a three o'clock a. m., breakfast, on which occasion we initiated Lillie Borard, our President's daughter, and a whole-souled Theta. It was the most impressive and mysterious initiation we have had.

Another initiation was that of Miss Grace Miltimore, who spent two years in Boston studying voice culture, and who is one of our city's sweetest sopranos. She and her sister, Miss Miltimore, invited the chapter out to their ideal suburban home at Sierra Madre; so early in the vacation we drove out in a four-in-hand, through lovely Pasadena's orange groves, laden with golden fruit and fragrant with perfume.

A delicious luncheon was served on tables arranged under the shade of grand oaks, among tall ferns, and near a gurgling brook of sparkling water, in one of the most romantic of canyons.

We enjoyed the day greatly, but we reached the climax of our Theta spirit when fourteen of us that week, assembled at the depot to bid Miss Curran, our convention delegate, "au revoir."

This year opened with brighter prospects than last. We initiated Miss Emery, of Boston, this term, and Miss Borard gave a reception in her honor, to which the Sigma Chis were invited.

Our sister, Miss Lillie Burnett, who was a member of Phi last year, was married last month and is now residing in South Bend, Ind.

Misses Clara and May Newton are studying in New York.

We are happy to have with us again Mrs. Keith, nee' Emma Sin-sabaugh, of Denver.

Omicron is very indignant that Phi's charter was withdrawn, and believing that there must have been some misunderstanding, hopes it will immediately be returned.

Wishing all Thetas as happy and bright a New Year as we are looking forward to,

OMICRON.



## PI.

ALBION COLLEGE, ALBION MICH., Dec. 7th, 1891.

*Dear Thetas:*

We are happy that the time has arrived when we may send our first greetings of the year.

All of the girls of last year are back again with one exception, and with the initiation of eight new members we can say with pride that the chapter is flourishing.

Our festivities thus far have been confined to small spreads given for the new girls.

Mrs. Myrtie Ray and Miss Jennie Armstrong return Monday from an extended trip through the south. Emma Jean Parson has returned to complete her course after a long absence. Miss Hattie Bailey, one of our pledged girls, failed to return this term on account of poor health. Louise B. Munro is pursuing post graduate work.

Pi has six bright pledglings; she also loses five members by graduation this year. On the evening of Nov. 21st there gathered in our Chapter Hall, twenty-five loyal Thetas to enjoy the festivities of our annual Thanksgiving spread.

Mrs. Rose Oldman Kennan, one of Pi's charter members, has been making us a brief visit.

Miss Lillian Dickerson, one of Pi's late initiates, has recently been called home by the death of her aunt.

The wearers of the "kite" are, Mary Garfield, Lottie Kempton, Edith Valentine, Zula Fast, Lillian Dickerson, Alta Dockry, Bess Perkins and Theo Gardner, each of whom we consider a valuable addition.

Pi secured the JOURNAL and was happily surprised to see it in its new dress.

Our girls are all carrying heavy work and most of us belong to a literary society, so we are not having literary programmes each time but meet once a week and have genuine times.

With wishes to you all for a successful year.

Pi.

## UPSILON.

*Dear Journal:*

If I may quote a time-worn saying it was due to the fact that "tempus fugited" more than usual this fall, that Upsilon was not properly represented in the last JOURNAL.

To begin where we left off we shall ask you to sit on the radiator

or over the register and imagine it is June again, for we will leave it to the JOURNAL if it would be right to let two weddings pass by without a single comment. Miss Emma Kemp soon after graduation left for Colorado as Mrs. Timberlake, leaving a gap in the ranks of K. A. O. not easily to be filled. We speak figuratively, of course, although a literal application might be true.

Miss Maud Sanborn, four feet ten, has a very becoming little air of dignity in striving to be equal to the occasion of six feet and three inches which Prof. McMillan carries about with him.

Our first rushing party was an afternoon tea at the home of Mrs. McMillan, which was a failure in but one respect. We all had such a good time that we forgot to do much rushing. We then adopted the plan of being "at home" to all of our friends every Saturday evening at the chapter house.

We have found this to be a very pleasant way of entertaining and also a very profitable way, for we have initiated eight new girls to whom I can pay no better compliment than that they are good K. A. O's.

Even the sprites favored our Saturday evenings, for Hallowe'en fell upon that night and fifty of us settled our fates—for the evening.

Examinations have taken up our attention during the last weeks, but now that the strain is over we can all join in wishing our Theta sisters a merrie, merrie Xmas.

UPSILON.

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CHI.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY, Syracuse, N. Y.

*Dear Girls:*

If the first term is any criterion, Chi chapter has entered upon a year of conquest. We have had few unpleasant things, and those such as were quickly forgotten.

There were nine of us who returned to college this fall and the first few weeks were very busy ones for us few. The spirit of rivalry is very strong here, and the class was unusually small as concerns girls who had K. A. O. characteristics. However, we rose to the occasion and secured six of the best and brightest girls, and I know that they can testify with us that the 10th of October was a happy day for us all, and the goat when bound with the "black and gold" is a peaceably inclined and well-behaved animal, with all his playfulness. After the initiation ceremony we all went to Livingstone's Cafe' and celebrated the initiation and also the founding of K. A. O. with a most delightful banquet. Although one of the girls



could not be comforted because of the omission of one of the scheduled dishes, still on the whole, we pronounced it a "perfect success." After the banquet came the feast of the mind, and I must say that in the happy responses and ringing songs that "mind triumphed over matter." We sang that evening for the first time a few lines written by Miss Fannie A. Osborne, '94, and set to the music of the chorus of "Comrades." The lines are very pleasing and we almost wish that our song book was a mere shadowy spectre of the future in order that this song might be put in it. In order that you may all have the benefit of the words I will write them here, and I venture to say that you all know the air:

Theta, sisters, friendship without alloy,  
Sharing each other's sorrow,  
Sharing each other's joy;  
Thus are we closely united,  
One both in spirit and name;  
Whate'er may come in the future  
Our love will be ever the same.

After the initiation, of course, our time was fully occupied in teaching the young K. A. O.'s how to wear their new dignity. Let me say that they were apt pupils and now scorn advice and suggestions as doth become freshmen.

We found time a little before the thirty-first of October to arrange for a Hallowe'en party which we gave that night.

When we had decorated the house at which we gave our party, with black and gold and many K. A. O. souvenirs and trophies, it assumed a decidedly O. individuality, and we think that every one who partook of our hospitality enjoyed it thoroughly. We played all the games appropriate to the night and had a good time generally. The dining room table was loaded down with nuts, apples and pop corn, and at about eleven o'clock light refreshments were served consisting of lettuce, sandwiches, charlotte russe and coffee.

One of the upper rooms was devoted to the witches, and although they played us a few sorry tricks, they were usually gracious.

Two weeks before the party all the members of X of K. A. O. except the members of '95, were invited to attend the wedding of our dear sister, Marcia Carpenter. Her husband is a member of Beta chapter of Phi Kappa Psi, and our table was devoted to the members of X and B. The union was very prettily symbolized by the twining together of the black and gold and the lavender and pink ribbons which separated the dining room from the other rooms. One of the Phi Kappa Psi brothers also traced a poetical connection in the lavender dress and pink cheeks of the bride and the black suit

and gold ring of the groom. Miss Lou Graffe, ex. '92, acted as maid of honor and Mr. B. C. Miller, '93, as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Piper are now living at Oneonta, N. Y.

We had just begun to think of college work proper when an invitation was received asking Chi to attend an informal reception at Phi Delta Theta chapter house and then a few days later came invitations to some of us for an informal party at Delta Psi Chapter House. We have all now received invitations to attend term exams, and we are looking forward to as joyous a meeting when the results are told as have been any of the assemblings this term. We are also all anticipating a delightful vacation. Whether we all come back and what we do when we get back, I will tell you some other time.

With best wishes for Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

CHI.

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PSI.

205 STATE ST., MADISON, WIS., Dec. 7, 1891.

*Dear Thetas:*

"Our band is few, but true and tried." We number ten in all, though one of our senior girls, Mae Evans, is not with us at present. She went home for Thanksgiving, but was unable to return on account of illness. That naturally is a great drawback to our happiness, yet we hope to have her with us again next term.

We have three new Thetas to present to you. Clelia Mosher, '93, and Juliet Harris and Nell Wright, both of '95. They are all good students and worthy of perpetuating the name of Theta.

We feel ourselves especially favored in having as resident members four Thetas of Iota Chapter, Mrs. Albert W. Smith and Mrs. Charles B. Wing, both of whose husbands are members of our faculty, Mrs. Charles E. Buell, the wife of one of Madison's best lawyers, and Miss Pauline Shepherd, who is teaching in the city. These four ladies would be an invaluable addition to the chapter under any circumstances, but their value in our eyes is greatly enhanced by the fact that our chapter being still in its infancy, we have so few alumnae of our own.

We are very enthusiastic in our meetings this year, and enjoy them more than we can tell. The line of literary work we have taken up is travel, accompanied by discussions on current events.

Our lodge is the scene of many a jolly revel. Truly only those who have a chapter house can appreciate their advantages.

Lovingly,

PSI.



## OMEGA.

BERKELEY, Dec. 8, 1891.

When we sent Omega's last letter of '90 to our sister chapters, we hardly dared to hope that in our last letter of '91 we should be able to tell you of a Theta home in Berkeley, but so it is, and we all feel that it has indeed been a happy year that has given us this crowning joy of our fraternity. Our house is large and bright and is charmingly situated, for besides being near our college buildings, it commands a view of the Golden Gate, the pride of every Californian. But above all else, it is an ideal home, and this feeling has drawn us all closer to one another and made us doubly feel that we are sisters.

Our first initiation here was of course a most important event to us. After many a consultation we had decided upon Mary McLean, Mary Olney, Eliza Blake and Carlotta Mabury as worthy to wear our loved "black and gold," and time is proving to us that each choice was a wise one, and we are justly proud of our freshmen. It was with some misgivings that they prepared to encounter the terrors of an initiation, but they bore their part bravely and heartily enjoyed the banquet that followed, for there we met on common ground—we were all Thetas then.

This term has been a busy one for us, and we are all glad of the approaching holidays, but we know that we must soon return to earnest work, for the mid-year examinations closely follow the winter recess.

Although our house is well filled, we shall always be able to find room for one more, especially if that one be a Theta visiting California, and we shall do all we can to make her feel that in finding a band of Thetas on our western shore, she has found sisters and a home.

Hoping that 1892 will begin and end as brightly for every Theta as she could desire,

OMEGA.

**PERSONALS.****ALPHA.**

Miss Dade Slavins, '94, is spending the winter in California, but intends to join her class at the beginning of next semester.

Our chapter a few weeks ago received cards announcing the wedding of Miss Minnie Haskell, one of our truest Thetas, and Mr. W. H. Wheeler, '89, a D. K. E.

We are so glad to have with us this year Miss Esther Levings, who has been out of college for several years on account of ill health.

Our new girls are Dasie Sims, Ella Marsh, Ella Beals, Nona Smith, Florence Williamson and Fannie Smyser.

Miss Gertrude De Forest, '93, is not able to be with us this semester and her absence is felt so deeply that we hope she may return soon.

We welcome to our chapter a sister from Delta, Miss Eleanor Morse.

Miss Agnes Beals, '94, is spending the winter in Chicago. We are half way reconciled at her loss since she sent us her sister Ella, whom we have so learned to love.

We enjoyed a pleasant visit from Miss Lindley, of Beta, not long ago.

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**BETA.**

Maude Lemon, class '91, is studying at the Cincinnati College of music.

Elizabeth Kidder, class '93, is at home this year continuing her studies at Earlham.

Erla Hittle, class '93, and Elizabeth Comstock, class '92, have gone to Cornell.

Georgiana Byer, class '92, is back in college this fall to complete her senior year.

Nannie McMahon, class '91, is teaching at her own home.

Our initiates this year are Nina Bond and Margaret Todd, class '93, Margaret Roberts, class '94, Mattie Ripple, Fannie Watson, Daisy Lauder, Pearl Grimes, Sallie Cotton and Mabel Folsom, class '95.

Mary Lindley, class '94, made a very pleasant visit to her Theta sisters at Greencastle, DePauw U.

Lottie Knox, class '95, visited Mary Lindley Dec. 1st.

Bertha Hawkins, class '91, is at her home in Richmond, Ind.



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DELTA.

Miss May Gooding, of '90, after a short career as a teacher has returned to Bloomington.

Miss Nellie Caldwell was married Aug. 1, at her home in Pomona, Cal.

Misses Gertrude and Mina McCallister have made Bloomington their home.

Miss Grace Stillwell will have changed the latter part of her name ere this reaches you.

Mrs. Bess Grove Ryan is the proud mother of a little girl. Bess says the girl is a loyal Theta and anxious to see all her auntsies.

Miss Mamie Sterry is studying elocution at her home in Pontiac.

Miss Maud Keller spends this year in the south as Dean of the colleges of music in Rust University, Holly Springs, Miss.

Miss Ruth Evans is attending school at Denver, Col., this year.

Miss Lillie McCrea is again at her work as a stenographer in Chicago, after a three months vacation in the mountains.

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EPSILON.

Miss Kate McSweeney, of New York City, one of our charter members, is visiting her brother in Wooster.

Mildred Immel, ex. '93, as she was passing through Wooster en route to her new home in Jamestown, N. Y., was the guest of Blanche Curry.

Since our last letter Helen Jeffries, '89, has given up her excellent position in the Wooster High Schools, to accept a still better one at Warren, O. Mellie Woodworth, '91, was advanced to Miss Jeffries' position. We rejoice with both the girls in their merited good fortune.

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KAPPA.

Miss Marcella Howland, '90, is attending Bryn Mawr this year.

Miss Elizabeth Wilder, '82, recently made her Lawrence friends a short visit. She is at present teaching in Topeka.

Miss May Haskell has been obliged to give up her university work on account of ill health; we hope she can be with us next spring again.

Mrs. Jo Brown Sanford visited in Lawrence during November. She is one of Kappa's charter members.

Married, December second, at the residence of the bride's parents, Miss May Walker to Mr. James Kenyon, both of Lawrence, Kan.

**LAMBDA.**

Miss Belle Bennett, '91, after an illness of five weeks, has resumed her duties in the high school at Chateaugay Lake, N. Y.

Miss Phœbe Marsh, '91, has been obliged to give up her position as principal of the high school at Shelburne, Vt., on account of illness. She is now in the hospital at Burlington, Vt.

Mrs. Julia H. Spear has gone to St. Augustine, Florida, for the winter. On her way she visited our Epsilon sisters at Wooster, Ohio, and reports a most delightful time.

Miss Cora Lovell, '94, has been unable to resume her studies this year in the U. V. M.

Miss Grace L. Wright, '90, expects to resume her duties in Northampton, Mass., the first of January.

Miss Linnie Scribner, '93, and Don F. Andrus, '89, were married at the Methodist Church, Craftsbury, Vt., Wednesday, Nov. 25. A very pleasant reception followed.

Miss Isabella Chandler, '89, and Mr. Walter B. Gates were married Thursday afternoon, October eighth, at half past three o'clock, at the residence of Dr. H. H. McIntire, West Randolph, Vt. Mr. and Mrs. Gates now reside at 57 Elmwood Ave., Burlington Vt. We are very glad to welcome Mrs. Gates again to the "Cat's Cradle."

Miss Adelaide Babbitt attended the Woman's Foreign Missionary Convention recently held at Grandville, N. Y.

Miss Lillian Sanborn, Lambda, '86, is teacher of literature and history in the High School, Tacoma, Washington.

Miss Mary L. Mills, Lambda, '85, is preceptress of the Little Falls Academy, Little Falls, New York.

Miss Jessie Hunt, Lambda, '85, is teaching in Lithgow, N. Y.

Miss May Rice, Lambda, '86, has been teaching in the High School, Englewood, Illinois.

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**UPSILON.**

Miss Emma Kemp was married in June to Mr. Byron Timberlake. Mr. and Mrs. Timberlake are now living in Silverton, Colorado.

Miss Beulah McHenry is teaching near Fargo. She expects to go to Brooklyn about Jan. 1, for a special course of study.

Miss Hattie Jackson is teaching at Royalton, Maine.

Miss Dora Guthrie, '91, is assistant principal at St. Cloud.

Miss Anna Guthrie, who left school last year on account of ill health, will graduate with '92.

Miss Maud Sanborn was married to Conway McMillan, Pro-



fessor of Botany in the State University, in June. After a summer in the East Prof. and Mrs. McMillan returned to their home in Minneapolis.

Our chapter house is a great comfort. Mrs. Gibbs, the mother of one of our girls kindly took charge of it this year and has added greatly to its success.

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CHI.

Miss C. Pauline Jennings, '89, is teaching music at Peddy Institute, Hightstown, N. J.

Miss Ada B. Parker, '91, is teaching history and rhetoric at Mansfield, Penn., State Normal School.

PIPER—CARPENTER—Miss Marcia Carpenter, ex. '92, was married to Mr. P. F. Piper, '89, October 28, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1312 East Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss Mattie Beecher, '93, who was obliged to leave college on account of ill health, is expecting to take up work with '94 this next term.

Miss Edith Gates, ex. '94, is teaching music at her home in Livonia, N. Y.

Miss A. Estelle Toran, ex. '94, who is teaching at Winfield, N. Y., visited at Syracuse during Thanksgiving recess.

Miss Frances M. Gregory, ex. '94, is teaching latin and geometry at Buffalo High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Nina H. Paxson, '95, spent the Thanksgiving recess at Cornell.

Miss Florence Larrabee, ex. '91, entertained Miss Lou Graffe, '92, for a few weeks, at her home, 613 Crouse Ave., Syracuse.

Miss Blanche Chapman, ex. '93, attended our "rushing party" this term.

Miss Jessica Beatrice Marshall, '92, attended the golden wedding of her parents, October 29, 1891.

Miss Lu Kern and May E. Brown, both of '93, spent Thanksgiving day at the home of the latter, Clifford, N. Y. They also attended the concert Nov. 25, given by the S. U. Glee Club at Mexico.

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PSI.

October fourteenth we were delightfully entertained by Mrs. Smith at her home on Langdon St. The entertainment consisted of an afternoon tea for Psi and her friends. We spent a most delightful afternoon with music and the many works of art with which Mrs. Smith's home abounds.

Thanksgiving eve we were all invited to a very pleasant musicale at Mrs. Wing's. Unfortunately many of our girls had gone home for the Thanksgiving vacation but those who were there testify that they passed a most charming evening.

Miss Elinor Leith, '91, who is teaching in Eau Claire, will spend the holidays in Madison.

Miss Clelia Mosher, '93, will go east for the holidays, spending them in Albany, N. Y.

Mae Evans, '92, is at her home in Platteville, Wis.

Hattibel Merrill, '90, spent her Thanksgiving vacation in Madison.



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### EXCHANGES.

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We are glad to welcome to the field of Greek journalism in general, and to our table in particular, *The Trident*, a publication just started in the interests of *Delta Delta Delta*. It is published by the Alpha chapter at Boston University, is gotten out in very attractive style, and without doubt will rank well with other fraternity journals.

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The total membership of Greek societies in the American colleges is estimated at 77,000.—*The Trident*.

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Johns Hopkins expects to open a medical department for advanced study in 1892. A great part of the necessary fund was subscribed by Miss Mary Garrett on condition that lectures in the same be open to women.—*Ex*.

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The Leland Stanford opened up with 440 students, 90 of whom were women.—*Phi Kappa Psi Shield*.

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The *Sigma Alpha Epsilon Record* has a short article on "Extension," in which the writer expresses decided disapproval of reckless extension. We say with him, "Extension by all means, but no recklessness."

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The *Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly* of October announces new chapter houses for its chapters at University of Pennsylvania, University of Minnesota and Colgate University.

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It is with regret that we have received news of the death of Mr. J. F. Newman, one of the official jewelers of the Fraternity. Mr. Newman was an alumnus of the College of the City of New York, chapter of Phi Gamma Delta.—*K. A. Journal*.

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Cornell has the largest list of chapters of any institution in the country. Twenty-seven fraternities find membership among her numbers. The University of Michigan is close behind her, with a total of twenty-three chapters.—*K. A. Journal*.

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The University of Michigan will erect a Grecian temple as her contribution to the World's Fair at Chicago.—*The Trident*.

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The *Kappa Alpha Journal's* little comment on our "special con-

vention number" is so full of *biting* satire that we are suffering greatly from the wounds, but as we have now at hand only the *toothless* variety of satire, we will not attempt to bite back, but simply demand that the "dog be killed." Let us suggest to the writer of the article that "Kellogg's English Grammar" is a standard work. (See chapter on "Common Errors," e. g., *some* smaller.) We are not striving for a *monumental* achievement at present, as we are not yet sufficiently near the grave for that.

The *Delta of Sigma Mu* has a good article on "The Year Just Passed." It speaks of the progress of fraternity journalism, and puts in a strong plea for the just remuneration of editors. The article discusses also a Pan Hellenic publication, Chapter Houses, Extension, and the relation between college legislation and fraternities.

Xi's chapter of *Phi Gamma Delta* may be justly proud of its new home, if one may judge from the cut and description given in the last *Phi Gamma Delta Quarterly*. The editor takes the occasion to say that "what this chapter has done any chapter can do, and owes it as a duty to the fraternity and to itself to do so," and remarks that "the success of Xi's chapter corroborates this statement."

Until the solution of the purchase of a home be reached, we urge that our chapters let no opportunities go by to establish themselves in rented property. Such homes will bring pleasures and comforts. Renting them will cost no more than renting rooms equally pleasant elsewhere, and all furniture and improvements of that nature will not be less permanent or lasting because used in a rented house. Once established thus, we know that the realization of chapter house life will kindle greater enthusiasm on the subject of a home to be bona fide chapter property, and will hasten rather than retard such purchase.—*Phi Delta Theta Scroll*.

We can endorse this suggestion with emphasis, and do so from past experience. Rented property has been a steppingstone to some of our bona fide chapter property.

In the last *Delta of Sigma Mu* are two quotations from *Bema*, both of which we give here in full:

It is to be deplored that eastern colleges hold so conservative a position in regard to the western schools. Evidently the East is not yet aware that great institutions of real merit are flourishing on western soil. The expression of President Eliot, of Harvard, that "the West as a mass is incapable, dense, ignorant and wrong" voices in a measure the feeling of schools of the East toward those of the West. The East is not yet willing that her proud prestige in matters of learning should be shared elsewhere. This is noticeable



in the slight attention her college papers give to those of the West. That which does not transpire in the East seems to be of little or no importance. In time the East will find it pays to be more cosmopolitan.—*Bema*.

In the University of Indiana the degree of A. B. can be obtained after one language, ancient or modern shall have been studied for two years, or two languages for one year.—*Bema*.

We would suggest to *Bema* that possibly the grievance mentioned may be explained by the very fact that A. B.'s are so plentiful and so much more easily obtained in the West than in the East. Can any eastern college of good standing be found which will confer A. B. "after one language has been studied two years or two languages for one year?" And then another point,—what in the way of comparison or of "sharing prestige" can there be between eastern colleges and western schools? To be sure, many so-called colleges are really only high grade high schools or academies, but why call the western colleges "schools," if they are up to college grade?

Mr. B. C. Potts, in the *Theta Delta Chi Shield*, has a would-be witty article on "The Lady Question Again," arguing against the admission of ladies to Theta Delt banquets. He says, "You cannot expect a strictly Theta Delt speech or a strictly Theta Delt song from a strictly Theta fellow to a table full of strictly ladies and gentlemen." If we are to judge of the tone of "strictly Theta Delt speeches," "strictly Theta Delt songs," and "strictly Theta Delt fellows" from the writer of the article with his musty almanac conundrums, we venture to think that strictly "ladies and gentlemen" would be conspicuous for their absence from "strictly Theta Delt banquets." But we prefer not to consider Mr. Potts as a sample copy of the fraternity, but rather to accept Mr. Bachman's opinion of the fraternity as expressed in an article in the last *Shield*: "Its objects are good, its principles are pure, its practices are manly, and we of right expect devotees at the shrine of a like character and corresponding disposition, 'sic itur ad astra.'"

However people may differ in relation to woman's rights it must be conceded that the women of America are carrying on many noble works. Some idea of the extent of their work is furnished by an article contributed to the December Forum by Mrs. Alice H. Rine, on the achievements of women's clubs. Largely through their influence women have gained the right to vote on school matters in twenty-eight states of the union; to serve in hospitals as physicians and nurses; to protect the unfortunate of their own sex as matrons in police stations. They have also obtained equal facilities of education in many of the colleges, and there can be no doubt that they have made substantial progress in securing a greater degree of in-

dependence, and an increase in the number of avenues of employment. It is largely due to the agitation and concerted action of women's clubs and associations that these changes have been effected, and it would not be easy to magnify the importance of the reformatory and benevolent movement of which women have been the propelling power. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in particular, has wielded a widespread influence for good, and may be regarded as one of the great humanizing agencies of our time and country.

It is evident, however, that the organized work of women is yet in its infancy and so far as opportunity for usefulness in this direction is concerned the field is practically unlimited.—*Ex.*

Wanted—A Novelist for Women. The literature of the day, the public thought of the day, as expressed in editorials and essays, has not kept pace with the facts. Mr. Howells, who is recognized as our representative novelist, does not know how to portray a self-supporting woman, whether she be sales-woman or artist, who is not a whining parasite. Mr. Boyesen, skilled in depicting some phases of American life, says in effect that, however successful, there is no professional woman who would not be secretly glad to change her lot for comfortable, lovable seclusion. A great need of the world of fiction today is a novelist for women,—one who can paint the women of the last decade of the nineteenth century with the same touch that Jane Austen has in representing the Emmas and Lizzies of her time.—*Ex.*

We agree most heartily with this opinion of Mr. Howells' ability (or lack of it) to portray women, especially American women. Here is a chance for some of "the girls" to fill a recognized want of their century, and at the same time to make names for themselves. Who will answer this "Want?"